WELLS'S CHANCE AGAINST JOHNSON (See page 5).

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 147. [PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY.] WEEK ENDING AUG. 26TH, 1911. ONE PENNY.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 147. WEEK ENDING AUG. 26TH, 1911. ONE PENNY.

TOMMY'S FIRST LETTER HOME.

By C. W. GOODYEAR.

MY DEER PA,—i am sorry to say i don't like this skool a bit, and i wish i was at home agane.

the meels is horid, and the masters are something awful crooel.

just to show you what they will do, one as got a lot of buterflise stuck threw with wire in a glass kase. i expecks the pore creatchers feels on pins and needles all the time, you no, that funney feeling when your feet go to sleap.

one of the masters, called the "hed," i suppose it is is nick-name, as he as such a large one, asked me if i felt homesick. i sed "no, only sick."

it takes a awful lot of money being here. i spent tuppence last Satterday week, and got a wite mice yesteday for a penney, which i thort was *verry* cheep.

Deer pa, you mite send me a check for about a shilling necks time you write.

Please give my luv to Sis and tell her i wish i was at home agane, but if she lets my rabits loose while i am here i shall smack her at once.

deer pa, i am in the first form of the juniors, i dont like it much i think i should like it more if i came home and went back to Mrs Greans.

i feel sorry i used to call her "Cabage" behind her back.

deer pa, i am sorry there are no girls at this skool like there was at the last. i expecks they miss me pullen there airs.

A bye said i was a "swank" in the dormitory (were we sleap) bekorse i put on the clean pretecter which ma gave me.

i tolled him you weared one as well as he. he said he supposed it run in the family.

You wouldn't ave liked to hear him say that, would you, deer pa, it was very insulting.

i shall put the wite mice in is bed to-nite, as i am tired of carrying it about in my poket, and besides it is not very well as i left it in my locker and it het harf the home maid cake which deer ma gave me. i have given it a sope pill (a bye tolled me they were good for it.) but it is worser.

Deer pa, i hope you are well, i am not as i het the rest of the cake.

Give my respecks to all and tell them i wish i was at home agane.

With luv
from
TOMMY.

P.S. Dont forget the check.

CHEEK.

On reading a headline, "Mr. Balfour at Bay," much interest was excited among intending holiday-makers to know whether the Bay was Herne, or Colwyn, or which?

* * *

A Yankee judge says that wives have a perfect right to read their husbands' private letters. They may have a right, but they're pretty sure to get left.

* * *

PARLIAMENTARY NOTE.—When an hon. member calls you an "insolent swine," the correct thing to do, of course, is to grunt your disapproval.

* * *

A friend in need is often only a friend in word, and not in deed at all.

* * *

Aviators who have made close shaves: No. 1, Mr. Barber.

* * *

We are told not to miss Dutch Courage the next time out. Presumably, Dutch Courage is imbued with much spirit.

* * *

No boxer shows a keener sense of the fitness of things than the dusky Jack Johnson. The big nigger is going to train, and, incidentally, take his baths, at Blackpool.

* * *

An American comédienne, who recently started a lengthy engagement in this country, is called Webb. Needless to say, she is getting on swimmingly.

* * *

"Mr. Asquith," says a writer, "does not often lose his head." Thank goodness for that! Poor King Charles I. did it—only *once*, mark you—with quite dreadful results!

* * *

Discussing the selection of a team for Australia, a weekly paper describes the task as "Cricket team building." It should be easy—for our County cricketers are all bricks.

* * *

Mr. P. A. Vaile contributes to a contemporary an article on "The Mis-Management of Sport." As usual, the talented writer makes a lot of veiled allusions.

* * *

A contemporary publishes some paragraphs about "The Scoutmaster Snob." This cannot possibly be a misprint for "The Scoutmaster's Nob" (*i.e.*, head), for it is generally recognised that hardly any scoutmaster has got one.

* * *

Thus a nature expert: "A species of crow . . . has a note which exactly resembles the human voice in loud laughter." Or when crowing over somebody else, what?

J. S. COX.

THE BRIGADE OF GUARDS.

THEY HAVE SPECIAL PRIVILEGES.

His Majesty's Foot Guards are distinguished among the Infantry of the Army not only by their stature and by the tall bearskins of which the public get such a fine view on State occasions, but by a record of splendid service dating back several centuries and by numerous rights and privileges.

The "Brigade of Guards" is the somewhat misleading name used to include the four regiments generally known as the Grenadier Guards, the Coldstream Guards, the Scots Guards, and the Irish Guards.

The ordinary composition of a brigade, however, is only four battalions, so that the term "Guards brigade" is used to describe a brigade formed of two or more battalions of the above regiments.

Each of the four regiments is commanded by a lieutenant-colonel, who, in addition to commanding the regiment, has certain duties in connection with the administration and training of units of the Special Reserve and Territorial Army. Thus the Guards usually provide the brigadiers for some of the London Territorial brigades.

A Guards brigade may never be commanded by an officer who does not belong to the brigade, and even if the brigade does not consist wholly of Guards, its commander must be a "Guards General"—that is to say, one who has previously served as a field officer in a regiment of Foot Guards.

Even in the matter of compliments there are special regulations for the Brigade of Guards, and the compliment of presenting arms or lowering the colours is not paid in several cases where it would be due from a line regiment.

The "field officer in brigade waiting" is a person whose duties are a mystery to many, but who is to be found in a prominent position in all Royal processions and State functions. He is attached to the Court and is in charge of all duties, including guards of honour on the King and Queen. He is always in attendance on the Sovereign, and in case of emergency assumes command of the King's immediate bodyguard.

The duty is taken in turn for a month at a time by the four regimental lieutenant-colonels and the battalion commanders when in London.

Every good soldier regards his own regiment as the best, but a man who belongs to the Guards has good reason for this view. Not only are the regiments historically famous, but the physique of the men in them is unrivalled.

H. MORTIMER.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

Mrs Meakin's Paying Guest

By
ROBERT OVERTON.

"We have a large family," began Mr. Meakin.

"That's your fault," declared Mrs. Meakin, firmly and aggrievedly.

"Partly, my love — partly so — undoubtedly," admitted Mr. Meakin meekly—almost repentantly.

"Do you intend by that remark to imply, William Augustus, that I encouraged you?"

A becoming blush marked the pale cheeks of William Augustus. It was his only, but eloquent reply.

"I may take it, my love, that the large family must be admitted?" he resumed, after a pause.

"They admitted themselves," snorted his spouse.

"We can discuss that some other time. A large family of ten children being admitted, what follows?"

It was hard on William Augustus that he was not allowed to "state the case" after his favourite manner, without these interruptions. He felt it to be hard, but struggled on without saying so.

He considered that he was at his best in "summing up," his idea being that the best summing-up was the longest-winded and most diffuse.

"A large family of ten children being admitted, the distribution of the two sexes, so to speak, amongst them, being in equal shares, it follows that the costs of maintenance, clothing, booting, et cetera, et cetera, are considerable. In fact, they are becoming colossal, Maria."

"You should have thought of all this before," said Mrs. Meakin reproachfully.

"I say they are assuming such colossal proportions," repeated Mr. Meakin, "that in view of the fact that my salary, though not precarious, is limited, and reached its greatest possible expansion with my last rise—I say that in view of these things something must be done."

"Why don't you do it?"

"I have been considering in what form the something to be done had better be done; and what I propose, Maria—of course, subject to your acquiescence, my love—is this: we will receive a paying guest."

"We've got to get him first."

"There's no gainsaying that, Maria. I propose to advertise for him."

"What rooms could we spare him, with twelve of us in the house already, and a servant?"

"That question is in your department, Maria; but I suggest that the children could be a little more crowded together of a night, and that the bath would make a very comfortable sleeping-place for Mary."

The question was discussed in its varied bearings, with the result that the following advertisement was excogitated by William Augustus, and inserted in the "Daily Telegraph" a day or two afterwards:

"Comfortable board-residence offered in select suburb. Home comforts. Moderate terms.—Address, Solicitor, Acacia Villa, Maypole Road, Brixton."

That "solicitor" was sailing rather close to the wind, for Meakin was not a solicitor, but only a solicitor's clerk.

On the morning of the appearance of the advertisement he left for his office, as usual, by the nine o'clock car.

He had been gone hardly an hour when a loud rat-tat at the front door resounded through the flimsily-constructed house.

"That's the Rates," exclaimed Mrs. Meakin.

"If it isn't the Rates it must be the Gas, for the Water's paid. I'm not at home, Mary."

"Certingly not, mum," said the accustomed maid-of-all-work, and hied her to the door with the mendacious message she had been instructed to deliver.

She returned to her mistress flustered and excited.

"He ain't the Gas, mum, nor he ain't the Rates. He's a reply."

"A reply!"

"Yes, mum, a reply to master's advertissisment. I've showed 'im into the front parlour, all genteel and proper, mum."

Mrs. Meakin boxed the ears of Bertie, who was crying, slapped Matilda, who wasn't doing anything, slipped off her apron as a necessary preliminary to dressing for the approaching interview, and inquired nervously:

"What's he like, Mary?"

"He's a old man, mum, and I should say 'asty, if not touchy. 'E seems to be in a 'urry. I should think 'e's a old man who always is in a 'urry. He knocked 'urried, an' 'e spoke 'urried, and 'e walked inside 'urried, and sat down 'urried, and said I was to 'urry to tell you to 'urry, mum. I should say 'e were a man as was born in a 'urry, mum."

Mrs. Meakin completed her change of toilet as quickly as she could, and entered the parlour.

"Good morning, ma'am. My name is Touchwood," said the stranger at once. "Touchy Touchwood they call me. I've called in response to your advertisement. Show me over, please, and tell me all that you propose as we walk about."

Mrs. Meakin was considerably taken aback by the abruptness of Mr. Touchwood's manner, but before they reached the parlour again they were on the best of terms.

He excused everything — the unpreparedness of the rooms, the din and clatter of the children, the smallness of the back garden, and all else that he was asked to excuse.

When their mother, with inward trepidation, confessed that the number of her olive branches was ten, he said: "Bless 'em!"

When she mentioned terms, he agreed to them so readily that she was sorry she hadn't asked more.

"Payable monthly, of course."

He didn't ask this as a question, but stated it as an understood fact. She had expected weekly payments, but was afraid to say so.

She was, however, just summoning up courage to stipulate "in advance" when he asked if Mary might be sent out to buy the children a pennyworth of sweets each. When, further, he produced a shilling, and said Mary was to keep the change, how could she get out such words as "in advance?"

"Then it's all settled. I'll remain. My luggage will come in to-night. Allow me to allude to references. My bankers — Bank of England, Head Office; my solicitor, Sir George Lewis. I am a Life Governor of seventeen Hospitals and other Charities—go to any of 'em, Mrs. Meakin; refer to any of 'em you like.

"I should like dinner at two o'clock—a lamb chop, with plain, simple vegetables and a bottle of stout. Tea at six—buttered toast and a couple of lightly-boiled eggs. Supper at ten—two devilled kidneys and another bottle of stout. I am a simple living, abstemious man, Mrs. Meakin.

"I should like breakfast to-morrow morning at nine—filleted sole, coffee, two rolls, and hot buttered toast."

When Mr. Meakin arrived home that evening he was quite overpowered by the news of the speedy success of his advertisement—a success the credit of which Maria calmly assumed entirely to herself.

He ventured vaguely to hope that "it was all right—the references sounded high class."

"There's no need to bother about references in such a case as this," declared his wife, contemptuously; "he's having his tea now, as comfortable and homely as though he'd lived here all his life"—as though this settled the matter.

Mr. Touchwood seemed to get more "comfortable and homely" every day.

He manifested just sufficient evidence of "touchiness" to keep everybody on the alert to please him, but his general bearing was so amiable that his occasional irascibility was condoned as merely mannerism.

He ordered a good many "extras," and by the end of his first month at Acacia Villa Mrs. Meakin's bill against him amounted to a nice little sum.

William Augustus was deputed to present it to him.

As he entered the parlour for the purpose of doing so, he was greeted with a cordial easy, and condescending:

"Ah, good evening, Meakin, good evening. What's that you're bringing me? My bill, account, eh? Put it on the mantelpiece, Meakin, and sit down. I want to talk to you about something more important."

Little Mr. Meakin did as he was told.

"Meakin, I'm an old man."

"Oh, dear, no, sir."

"I am. And I am a dying man."

"You don't say so! Bless my soul, sir!"

"I have a complication of diseases, Meakin, such as never afflicted the human frame before. Five fatal complaints have been diagnosed in my stomach alone, Meakin."

"Never!" gasped Meakin; thinking to himself, "He won't be a permanency, then, after all."

"My case is hopeless," said Mr. Touchwood, cheerily. "The only question is how long I shall last. The end may not come for months. But it is fitting that I should make preparations for it, for it may come at any time. I am not only an old man, Meakin, and a dying old man, but a wealthy old man. I am a man of means, Meakin. I am about to make my will."

Meakin murmured something unintelligible.

"I haven't a relation in the world whom I can regard as a friend, in the real sense of the word. I have received great attention under your roof from you and your excellent wife. May I ask you, please, for your Christian name or names in full?" replied the flabbergasted little landlord.

"William Augustus," replied the latter.

"Very good. And your wife's? 'Maria only?—very good. Thank you, Meakin."

What wonder that in the glamour of such

a prospect as hints so broad as these could not fail to conjure up both William and Maria lost their heads?

Three days after the end of the second month Meakin humbly rapped at the parlour door with the bill up to date. He fidgeted nervously with it in his fingers as he asked:

"How are your diseases getting on, sir?"

"I suffer no pain," replied Touchwood. "But the end is nearer—it is certainly nearer. That reminds me, Meakin—I want the full christian names of your ten children"—and down he jotted them.

Towards the end of the third month he plainly asked Meakin whether he knew enough of the law to draw up his will. Trembling with excitement, the lawyer's clerk replied that he did.

"Then take my instructions—there's no need to trouble Sir George Lewis, my solicitor, about so simple a matter—my money's all in consols. Draw it up, making Sir George my sole executor. But I have special reasons for especially desiring that he should not know he has been so appointed till after I am under the ground, Meakin. Please remember this. Bring two respectable persons in with you to witness my signature."

"Won't my wife and myself do, sir?" faltered Meakin.

"Certainly not—you will both be beneficiaries—that's the word, isn't it? I shall leave you five thousand pounds, Meakin."

"God bless you, sir."

"And I shall leave your wife five thousand pounds, Meakin—I believe in married people having separate estates."

William Augustus tried to say "God bless you, Mr," again, but he couldn't speak.

"And I shall leave one thousand pounds to each of your ten children, Meakin."

The will was drawn out according to the instructions given, signed, attested, and handed over to the custody of the speechless Meakin.

From that day to the day of his death—years afterwards—the paying guest of Mrs. Meakin—she always claimed him as her lodger—paid nothing.

On the contrary, he was the recipient of a number of small loans from both the landlord and landlady.

Their grew more and more touchy about their lodger.

"It's strange some of those fatal diseases don't carry him off," was the remark frequently exchanged between William and Maria; "but no doubt he'll go pop all of a sudden one of these fine days."

He did "go pop all of a sudden one fine day," but it wasn't a disease that wafted him to another and a better world—it was a tramcar. He literally went pop under its wheels.

"Well," said Maria, piously and resignedly, "it's scripturally (as she thought), "his loss our gain."

But it wasn't.

Meakin, on the strength of the deceased's will, raised the money to pay for a really "nice" funeral, at a "genteel" and in a fairly "fashionable" cemetery.

Later on in the very day of the interment they discovered the awful truth. He broke it to his wife as best he could.

The late "paying guest" had been a pauper and for the odd sums he occasionally responded in response to begging letters.

The bogus will was flung on the fire, and their spread its black wings over Acacia Villa.

The subject of "Paying Guests" is a sore one with William Augustus Meakin to this day.

"Be very careful about his references," has often been heard to remark, "if you think of receiving a paying guest. My wife had one."

HOTEL LIFE

USEFUL TIPS BY A TRAVELLER OF EXPERIENCE.

Hotels vary in quality and in charges as much as do restaurants. Just as one may succeed in getting a very good dinner at a remarkably small cost in a humble restaurant, so one may put up quite comfortably in some cheap hotels. But they take a bit of finding.

You are reasonably sure of good accommodation if you pay a good price for it, but even this is not always a safeguard against disappointment, for the writer remembers on one occasion paying a fairly heavy price for a bed and breakfast in a London hotel, and having placed before him for his morning meal one of the most nauseous dishes possible—fish that, though it had not gone stale, had become soft and spongy.

Wide experience of hotel life has taught me that to judge by exterior appearances is an unreliable plan.

The windows may be cleanly curtained, but the bed-linen may not be so spotless. It is not even safe to judge by the dining-room and the casual meal that you may take there, for attention may be given to the dining-room and the cooking, while the bedrooms are neglected.

ASK THE TOBACCONIST.

You should always inspect your bedroom before you agree to take it, even although you are stopping only one night.

It is not a pleasant business to express your dissatisfaction and to walk out of a hotel after having inspected your bedroom, and to avoid having to do so it is advisable, if you have no other source from which to obtain information, to consult some local tradesman, or, even better, to consult more than one.

You are certain to have some small purchase to make in the town, and the shopkeepers, especially tobacconists near railway stations, generally know which hotels are best, and they also have a rough idea of their tariffs.

One hotel which I discovered in this manner proved so comfortable that I always patronise it when I visit that town. The charges made are most moderate, and even though one may not care for the many religious texts that adorn the bedroom walls, still the beds are comfortable, and the sheets have that fresh smell of absolute cleanness which one does not always find even in the best of caravanserais. This place is run by an elderly couple who take a parental interest in their guests.

A PLEASING COURTESY.

The landlord has a friendly habit of speeding the parting guest by offering him a cigarette. Though he is a non-smoker himself, he keeps a quarter-pound box of choice Turkish, and he awaits your departure in the hall to confront you with this box and the inquiry, "Will you take one?" When you take one he adds, "Have another."

I believe he does it out of the goodness of his heart, but this and similar little courtesies have done much to build up the profitable connection which he has amongst travellers.

One of the greatest difficulties in connection with hotel life is the amount of tips that one ought to give.

Any man with decent feelings likes to do the correct thing in the matter of tips.

If he cannot afford to tip according to the standard generally accepted as right, then he goes to a cheaper hotel.

At a hotel where they charge you ten-and-six for bed and breakfast you must be prepared to tip liberally. The amount of each tip will not be very large, but you will find that you are waited upon by many different servants, each of whom expects a tip.

A HEAVY LIST.

For example, the chambermaid will look for a shilling. Your bath will probably be prepared by another maid, who will expect sixpence, although the management charge only an additional shilling for the bath. Here the tip amounts to 50 per cent. of the charge, which seems heavy, but it is the custom in fashionable hotels.

The hall-porter will expect a shilling for doing nothing at all except superintending the conveyance of your luggage to your bedroom. The man who actually carries your bag up will expect sixpence.

The waiter who serves you with breakfast looks for another sixpence. The boots also requires sixpence.

I mention these amounts as the tips given in fairly fashionable hotels if you are stopping for one night or for a short week-end. If you are staying for a whole week you would give half-a-crown to the people who receive a shilling in the above list, and you would give a shilling to those to whom in the previous case you gave sixpence.

CHEAPER HOTELS.

The contrast is strong between hotels of this type and the cheap temperance hotel which describes itself as possessing "good accommodation for cyclists, commercials, and others." In such places tips are, in many cases, not expected at all, and if you give threepence to the boy who cleans your boots, and sixpence, or even threepence, to the girl who serves you with your breakfast in the morning, and who is probably chambermaid as well, you will leave with the benedictions of that house upon you.

When selecting your bedroom you should, if you are a light sleeper, request to be placed at the quieter side of the house.

I remember making this request on one occasion, without success, however. The hotel was situated in a street through which electric trams passed, and I had no desire to be awakened by them in the early hours of the morning. I therefore asked for a room at the back of the house, only to discover, when dawn broke, that the back windows overlooked a duck pond which had been invisible in the darkness, and from then till the chambermaid's knock and the shaving water arrived I lay awake listening to the quacking of what appeared to be some hundreds of ducks, although examination proved that there were only six, but they were diligent.

H. R. ELLIOTT.

A RURAL SKETCH.

By HARRY STEPHEN.

Probably in most districts, especially those far from a town, such men as Shadrach Butler exist, and such places as Shadrach Butler's yard of all work are to be found. But few, truly, can offer such an infinite variety of commercial activity as may be seen in Shadrach's domain.

It is his boast—or, rather, his pride, for he does not boast—that no man is his master. He was born with an infinite capacity for taking care of the farthings without being miserly.

He is, in reality, the ideal general labourer, except that he does not labour at heavy tasks.

He seldom leaves home to earn money; people come to him and seek his services. He is jack of all rural trades and master of most of them.

Having made a success of life, within humble rural limits, he is not too popular with his equals; but none of them knows when he may need Shadrach's help in one way or another, so this jealousy—for that's what it amounts to—is carefully hidden.

One fad Shadrach has in a very pronounced degree. He will have nothing to do with gardens and gardening. Towards flowers and vegetables he has a high contempt, leaving such "tittlin' things" as he calls them, to others.

On first approaching Shadrach's premises one would be inclined to take him for a wayside cycle mender. In a tiny tin shed there hang advertisements of cycles which may be obtained by the local young men—whose jobs are regular—on the easy payment system. Half the village runs on wheels from Shadrach's agency.

This shed peeps over a well-trimmed hedge in the corner of the front plot. Between it and the gate, however, one is forced to change one's mind as to his real profession, for here stands a row of beehives all in full blast, and at the back of them is a chalked intimation that honey is 10½d. a section.

As you enter Shadrach's gate, a third means of livelihood is disclosed. On the further side of the front plot (where no flower is ever seen) the grass is devoted to two goats, both of which seem to be constantly in milk. Quite a large number of people buy Shadrach's goats' milk, the price of which varies according to time of year and the supply.

What with bees, goats, and a cycle agency, it might be supposed that Shadrach had his hands full. But not by any means is this so.

As you approach his cottage you hear a muffled thumping, something between a hard hammering and a soft thump. It proceeds from another little tin shed. Through the window, which occupies the whole of one side of the shed, you can see Shadrach hard at work patching and cobbling the village children's boots.

He has all the tricks of a cobbler who is cobbler and nothing else, but his finished work is sometimes fearfully and wonderfully turned out. Village children's feet are hard, fortunately for them and for Shadrach.

In the corner of the goats' plot a pole stands up in the hedge with a short, broad crosspiece. The intimation upon this is to the effect that tea is "provided" at 6d. a head. So Shadrach attracts the hot and dusty cyclist, having supplied him with a machine first of all.

The tale of his activities is not told yet, for one is in doubt, after all, whether Shadrach does not make his chief income from tinkering.

Hidden away in a corner of the back premises is a heap of cans, baths, ruins of perambulators, kettles, and other metal utensils which have accumulated in the course of months.

Shadrach mends these for the cottagers, when the articles are really worth it. If not, he throws them on the heap, and drives a bargain with the occasional rag and bone man, who does not object to old iron when he brings a barrow.

We have hardly begun to mention Shadrach's activities, for there are many more. He sells clothes-props, grinds scissors, axes (of many kinds), sharpens saws, and will take on any little job that does not mean a journey from home.

For the essence of his success is that he is ever on the spot. He will not go out to work.

Only twice a week does he set foot outside his plot, and that is on Sunday, when he attends chapel—for Shadrach is a local preacher, and has a persuasive pulpit manner.

GETTING READY FOR HUNTING.

PREPARATIONS THAT ARE NOW IN PROGRESS.

Although when these lines appear in print the hunting season will still be a good many weeks ahead, still even at the time of writing those concerned in the great winter sport are by no means idle. There is all manner of work to be done before the first meet takes place.

First of all, the hounds—on no account should you earn the universal opprobrium of hunting men and women by calling them *dogs*—have to be exercised, before the season starts. Thus you will often come across the pack being trotted along the road by the whipper-in, and very often the Master as well.

Every season, too, at about this time youngsters are introduced into the pack. The manner of their upbringing is interesting. In the case of a wealthy Hunt, they are reared by the M.F.H. in his own kennels, but in the case of a comparatively impoverished one, this is obviously impossible. The Master cannot afford it.

So what is done is to billet one or more pups on the respective members of the Hunt, a duty which they invariably assume with great willingness, as good sportsmen should.

The M.F.H. visits each in turn periodically, and the zeal with which their temporary custodians look after their canine guests is shown by the latter's excellent condition when they appear in competition for the Puppy Cup, which almost every Hunt offers each year.

They are not, of course, allowed out with the pack until they are well trained.

Then the youngsters are taken drag-hunting, that is to follow up a trail previously made by dragging a bag, filled with aniseed, and then soaked in paraffin, over a difficult country.

Finally, I regret to say, a great many farmers are preparing for the hunting season by strengthening their barbed wire fences.

F. NOAKES.

THE LEGS IN RIDING.

A DISCUSSION ON THEIR USE AND ABUSE.

So much breath and ink are expended on the subject of hands in riding, that a great many men are apt to forget the extremely important part played by the legs—if, indeed, they have ever had the good fortune of being taught it.

The man who rides with his hands alone is but a poor horseman. To make your horse go up to his bridle and turn composedly it is indispensable that you should bring your legs into action. Besides this, there are all manner of uses to which the horseman's legs may be put—and for the benefit of riders who are just beginning it may serve a useful purpose to outline them here.

To stimulate and collect your mount it is essential that you should use your feet (drawn back), your calves, and, if necessary, your spurs.

Custance, the famous jockey, in his book on riding, points out the too little recognised fact that a horse supports more weight on his forelegs than on his hind legs, and that this is accentuated in proportion to the rate of speed when the animal is in motion.

As the riding position increases, of course, the weight carried by the horse's forelegs, the horseman should, in turning, lean back slightly. This lessens the chances of having a spill when turning quickly.

By the way, if the horse should purposely refuse to turn (as will often happen when your mount insists on taking a fence which you wish to avoid, and turns his head to the pull of your rein, while still keeping his body straight), bring the other leg into action. Draw back both legs, and press fairly hard with them, at the same time increasing your backward lean of the body over the hind quarters.

The proper use of the legs in mounting might perhaps be pointed out. How often do we see a raw rider put his foot in the stirrup, stretch both hands (close together) as far as possible over the saddle, and simply haul himself up by the pressure of his left leg. In this way the saddle is liable to slip round on the near side, and a shocking bad balance is the result.

The steps of the performance, in sequence, should be as follows: With the left hand take hold of a lock of the mane, standing well up by the shoulders in case the animal should move forward while you are mounting; take the near stirrup in the right hand, and place your left foot lightly in it; take hold of the cantle of the saddle in your right hand, and with a quick spring upwards on the left leg, drop lightly into the saddle. As little use in mounting should be made of the stirrup leg (the left) as possible.

As every good rider knows, a good seat in the saddle is secured by balance and pressure of the legs, and *not* by hanging on to the reins. But leg-pressure cannot be kept up without fatigue for any length of time unless those muscles which draw the knees inwards are strengthened. Indeed, if you stay out of the saddle for even a short a time as a fortnight your strength in those muscles will go off woefully.

How are we to keep them in condition? Here is a good home-training which is taught in many riding schools. Stand erect, as at attention, sit down slowly as if you are sitting on your heels. Then get up again in the same way, slowly, and sit down again. Keep this up every day for as long as it takes you to feel a gentle ache, and it will ensure your "leg-pressing" muscles being in tip-top condition, so that next time you have a ride—even after long inaction—you will be spared the initial agony of seat which is shown in the same circumstances even by expert horsemen.

V. BROWN.

WELLS' CHANCE V. JOHNSON

JACK JOHNSON.
Boxing champion of the world.

AN UNORTHODOX VIEW.

[The writer of this article is an ardent follower of professional boxing, and has seen most of the great contests during the past thirty years. He prefers, however, to remain anonymous, not because he is ashamed of his views, but because he is an eminent professional man, and as there is still in many quarters a strong, though mainly unjustifiable, prejudice against the science of boxing, the acknowledgment of his association with it might do him harm.]

On practically every hand, Bombardier Wells is being condemned for having agreed to meet Jack Johnson for the Heavy-Weight Boxing Championship of the World.

Wells is told in the Press that his chance is zero, and that he is a fool to have made the match.

In the first place, I call this sort of thing neither fair nor sportsmanlike. For good or ill Wells is our champion, and is admittedly the only British boxer fit to stand in the same ring with the black. Surely we should do all we can to encourage him, and not keep telling him that he is already as good as whipped.

However, if I say that Wells has a distinct chance, it is not merely by way of giving the Bombardier a pat on the back, but because I honestly believe this to be the case.

Of course, it is no use making such an assertion unless one is prepared to back it up with reasonable argument, so I will now draw your attention to one or two points.

THE TWO MEN COMPARED.

First, there is the physique of the two men. Johnson is unquestionably the stronger man, and the heavier by a stone, taking his normal fighting weight at 15 stone. But he has gone fat, and is stated at present to weigh over 18 stone.

He has, therefore, to get off over 3 stone in less than two months, and I doubt whether he can do it in the time without weakening himself.

Alternatively he must go into the ring half or quarter trained, which, of course, would greatly enhance Wells' prospects.

On the other hand, Wells has an advantage of roughly two inches in height, and of three inches in reach. The latter is a most important asset in his favour.

Wells is essentially a British boxer, relying chiefly on a straight left, whereas Johnson, like most Americans, boxes mainly round arm.

THE BRITISH STYLE.

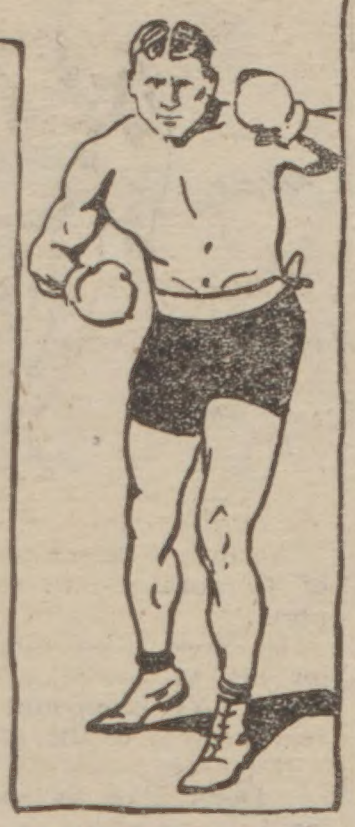
Nothing will shake my conviction that with an advantage in reach a straight left will beat round arm every time, other conditions being fairly equal.

I admit that typical British boxers have been beaten by typical American fighters, but almost invariably because they abandoned their natural style and tried to take Yankees on at their own game of crouching, swinging and hooking.

Let Wells keep his head and a straight left, and I don't see how Johnson is going to get near enough to land an effective blow.

When Wells met Porky Flynn he met a pretty good man, though, of course, I don't put him in the same class as Johnson. Still Flynn is a good, tough, game, rough-and-tumble boxer, and for twenty rounds he tried to rush in, but Wells' left stopped him every time.

Johnson is thirty-three, Wells twenty-two years of age. Wells' youth is held to be against him, but I cannot follow the line of argument.



BOMBARDIER WELLS.
Who is challenging Johnson.

In an interview in the "Daily Express," Mr. J. H. Douglas says that when he was asked to allow his son, Mr. J. W. H. T. Douglas, to enter for the Amateur Heavy-Weight Championship (which he afterwards won) at the age of nineteen, he said: "Wait until he is a man," and would not allow him to compete until he was twenty-one. Wells is twenty-two.

JOHNSON PAST HIS PRIME.

Naturally he will fill out and put on weight with advancing years, but with them must inevitably come a loss of speed and activity.

As an athlete Johnson is past his prime. If Wells were meeting any man but him, we should hear a lot about "youth will be served," but I do not see why youth should not be served on this occasion, more especially if, as is likely, Johnson enters the ring half-trained.

Johnson, of course, has incomparably the better ring record, but what a boxer has done in the remote past counts for little. He must be judged on recent form, and we can only estimate Johnson's present capabilities by his contests with Tommy Burns and Jeffries.

Both were to some extent farcical, though Burns made a much better showing than many suppose.

WHY JEFFRIES WAS DEFEATED.

As regards Jeffries, I have been told by Americans who ought to know that he was "doped" before the contest.

There was a traitor in his camp, and for days before the fight a drug was secretly given him which had the effect of bringing him to the ringside a nervous wreck.

In any case, Jeffries was an old man as boxers go, and had been out of the ring for several years.

I admit that I have never seen Johnson in a serious contest (though I saw him spar in private the last time he was over), except in moving pictures, which are not much to go by; but I fancy that most of those on this side who are so sure of his victory have never seen him in the ring either.

I don't believe that Johnson is invulnerable. The late Stanley Ketchell all but knocked him out on one occasion, and he was a middle-weight.

It is significant, too, that Johnson has consistently "side-stepped" his brother negro, Sam Langford, who is a light heavy-weight and a much smaller man.

As regards *boxing*, I doubt whether Johnson with his round-arm methods is superior to Wells, but when it comes to fighting I admit that Johnson's strength, experience, and ring-craft are tremendously in his favour.

Still, Wells is not a weak man; he can hit hard, and, what is better, like lightning.

WELLS AND RINGCRAFT.

In regard to ringcraft, Wells had a severe lesson when he threw away his bout with Gunner Moir. He showed that he had profited by it in his next contest—with Porky Flynn.

Johnson has been idle for a year; Wells has been busy in the ring.

Provided he keeps his head and survives a knock-out in the first two or three rounds, my opinion is that Wells' youth, superior reach, and (probably) better condition, will bring him home a victor on points.

REMARKS IN PASSING.

A contemporary contemplates a palpitating series on "How Great Men Behave in Private Life." Some don't behave at all. We fear that a great many misbehave.

* * *

"Churches As Sweating Dens" is a headline in a weekly paper. Quite so. The windows certainly ought to be opened a little wider this hot weather.

* * *

Mr. E. Temple Thurston warns us, "What's the good of saving a woman from her own infatuation? She'll only hate you for it." A cynic says that if she loved you, you might be even worse off.

* * *

When a betting man says he has been winning "over the flat," he is often referring, not to any specified rules of racing, but to some other man.

* * *

Mr. John Corlett, we learn from the "Pink 'Un," has returned from his travels with a Dutch accent. He should now be able to talk to his erring staff like a Dutch uncle.

LAMENESS IN A HORSE.

HOW TO DETECT ITS PRESENCE.

There are many men who are thoroughly conversant with the points of a horse, but who have instantly to fly for the vet. in the event of their horse going lame. They cannot tell where the trouble is.

This difficulty is accentuated by the fact that a horse can often go dead lame without feeling any pain. A joint may be stiff or a limb malformed without the animal showing any signs of pain, and the faulty movement might be due to all manner of causes. This is why the vet. has to be called in.

You can, however, sometimes tell from the way in which your horse stands where and what the trouble is.

A horse will always stand so that the most of his weight is thrown on to the limbs which are strongest or give him the least pain. Sometimes by moving him just slightly out of the position he has taken up, and carefully noting how he gets into it again, you may find out what is the matter.

In laminitis, for instance, a horse hates to be moved. He stands with his body swaying with the pain, but with his hoofs firmly planted on the ground, the weight being thrown on the heels where the suffering is less marked.

THE HERO

A TERRITORIAL EPISODE.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

A discovery that I had once visited their drill hall broke down the last barrier between me and "B" Company's friendship.

From that moment I talked freely with a squatting section of them, while, near by, Corporal Smith rubbed some soothing concoction on his peeling face and looked up the while at the storm-threatening sky above the field where I had come upon them in my evening's cross-country walk.

"'Ave a little lard," said someone pleasantly.

And there were further suggestions in the Territorial's langue de guerre. (One has to remember the susceptibilities of the printer and let it go at that.)

"You 'old yer row," said Corporal Smith.

"Fancy that animal for a non-com.," said a young man near me.

He was as hefty as a heavy-goods van-man, and Corporal Smith looked like the "before treatment" photo of a physical culturist's advertisement.

He was cadaverous faced, not over straight on his legs, and he had a chest that afforded good cover, profile view, for the buttons of his loosely-fitting tunic.

"'Ad to promote 'im on account of 'is intellect," said another corporal.

"Which they surely didn't in your case, Belmon," observed someone else.

"But I'm double 'is chest measurement, Cracky," he said with pride.

"An' that ain't to your credit. You ain't any more of an asset to the Army than Smith. Not so much. One thing, the Germins wouldn't 'it 'im if 'e stood sideways."

Cracky offered me a cigarette. He, too, was of the brawny type.

"Wot I can't think," he went on to me, "is 'ow Smivvy stands this 'ere gime at all. Bin in it years, y' know, right from the ole volunteerin' d'ys. 'As to take a 'bus from 'is place of business—a 'airdresser's shop in Fulham—and then change at Earl's Court, comin' on from the station by another 'bus. Every drill night, that is, an' 'e don't miss one. It's 'is night out per week. Other nights 'e don't finish much afore ten. You've bin to our drill 'all, 'aven't yer? Not wot you might call an over-gay sort of show, eh?"

Drill halls are never gay, but the drill hall of that battalion was the most miserably situated of any in London. At the back of it was a dank, dull yard, gravelled, and grown over in places by the wall with weeds. The view one had comprised the stack chimneys and back windows of a dingy collection of tumbledown and poverty-stricken houses. The front doors abutted on a dismal road leading to a big mineral-water factory.

"Well, 'e takes them two 'buses and a change at Earl's Court for thet," Cracky went on. "Shot? No 'e ain't a first-class shot. Don't have much to show after a d'y on the range but a swollen chivvy, and the Sergeant-Instructor ain't over-gentle with 'im, though, as 'e ses in 'is soberer moments, 'e's gettin' more used to 'im now. An' when some flat-foot presumes to laugh at Smivvy, you'll 'ear 'im turn rahnd an' say as 'e wishes every man in the battalion tried so 'ard. Oh, yes, Smivvy does 'is little best. That's w'y they made 'im a corporal—for honest tryin'.

"Look at 'is physic. You could blow 'im over, you'd think, wouldn't yer? An' you could, too."

An orderly came up requesting the presence of Corporal Smith somewhere by the transports.

He rose, with the suggestion of a wince on his salmon-pink face, and marched off stiffly. Yet one could see that he only put his feet straight to the ground by the exercise of will power.

"Don't like to show that our long day 'as 'ad any effect on his understandin's. But you just think. Barrin' 'is drillin' every week the sum total of his exercise amounts to walkin' from 'is lodgin's to 'is job."

We watched him disappear into the hazy dusk beyond the hedgerow.

Ten minutes later he came back.

"We don't bivouac 'ere to-night," he said. "We 'ave orders to join the main body further on. In ten minutes we shall be movin'."

"Well, thet means," said Belmon unkindly, "that our perspirin' ambulance 'as a chance for glory at last. They can fetch you along in the stretcher, Smivvy."

"What the 'ell's up with you?" asked the little Corporal. "You keep your narsty insinuvations to yerself."

"You listen when your feller non-com. speaks," said Cracky to Belmon. Private Cracky and Corporal Belmon seemed to be friends.

"Fought it was the wind blowin'," said Belmon mildly.

On the roadway a G.S. waggon, returning empty, hove into sight.

Again the orderly came up and addressed Corporal Smith.

"No, it's only that me boots was a bit too tight," we caught of his reply.

"'Ow's your pore feet?" Belmon called out.

"It's the captain's order," said the orderly officially.

"And," he added in friendly tone, "beggared if I wouldn't like the chance to go back meself. You'll be able to spend a lovely evenin' in the canteen with the other men on the sick list. Nice little game o' brag, an' turn in, like an officer—when you like."

"It's 'ard," said Corporal Smith, "cruel 'ard! I *would* 'a' liked to 'ave gorn on with the boys. An' as it is, y' know, I can't do no more than eight d'ys. Don't yer think that an exception could be made?"

"'Urry up, damn you!" came from the empty transport on the road. "D'ye think we're goin' to wait 'ere all night?"

"Come on," said the orderly officially but not unkindly. "You hang on my arm, Corporal."

"Oh 'ell, 'ell, 'ell!" said the little Corporal fiercely, bestowing one last look on his friends.

And seeing that deception was futile, he limped off painfully on the arm of the orderly towards the waiting empty transport.

CUSTOM AND COSTUME.

THE LATITUDE OF MODERN FASHIONS.

Until a quite recent period, the custom of costume held Englishmen of all sorts and conditions—rich and poor, workers and players, and those who spent their lives in a judicious combination of the two latter pursuits—in a considerable thrall.

Almost every profession insisted on its own particular rules of dress, and in the world of sport, also, certain stipulated forms of attire were practically *de rigueur* in almost every game.

Consider, for instance, the Royal Enclosure and the Lawn at Ascot some years ago. A man in any other dress than a top-hat and frock-coat would have excited as much comment as would arise if a cinematograph Wild West Redskin suddenly stalked into a State Ball at Buckingham Palace in the full glory of his war-paint and feathers.

But of late years, for a variety of reasons, chief of which was the broad-minded common sense shown by King Edward, a considerable tolerance of less formal but more comfortable clothes has been observed at Ascot and Goodwood.

First of all, grey or white toppers and grey frock-coat suits began to put in an appearance; and though some adherents to the old black-coated school raised initial objections, these were soon neutralised on the appearance at Ascot of King Edward himself dressed in the more négligé garb.

But to descend to less fashionable spheres of sport, a change has come over cricket in all classes, which we perhaps do not notice as readily as a man would who had been out of the country for some years.

It was not so very long ago that a man who went to the wickets or took the field in a match of any consequence in anything but flannels of immaculate white, and with "bags" kept up with a scarf of his club colours, would have been regarded with much disfavour, but now there is much more latitude.

You will see men in first-class cricket playing in dark-grey or pepper-and-salt coloured flannel trousers, which may even be supported with an elastic "snake" belt, an article of apparel which once would have immediately and inevitably earned for him the indictment of a "brickie."

Indeed, not long ago the writer saw a public-school batsman, who had been asked to play for his county, arrive at the ground without time to change—except for his boots—and hastily rush to the wickets, padded and gloved, but with dark-blue serge trousers on, and his braces tied round his waist, and the at one time much-maligned park cricketer need not think he has a monopoly of grotesque costume.

On the river, too, the same common-sense spirit is evident. At one time few people would have dreamed of going out in a boat for the afternoon or the day unless they were attired in spotless flannels and white boots or shoes. But now, anywhere between Richmond and Bourne End, or even as far as Oxford, you will find all sorts of river folk enjoying themselves hugely, some in shirt-sleeves, others toiling like Trojans with no coats on; but among these men you will often find cleaner feathering and more finished oarsmanship generally than you will among the carefully-dressed brigade.

The world of business, again, is now far more tolerant in the matter of clothes. Of course some old-established and, more or less, "crusty" houses, banks, and so on, still insist on toppers and frock-coats for their staff, but in the ordinary way, so long as a man is neatly and quietly dressed that is, editorially, all that is required of him.

CECIL G. PRICE.

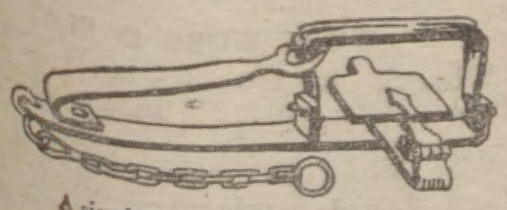
Poaching and other Traps.

WHAT THEY ARE AND HOW THEY ARE WORKED.

Probably not before that far-off Utopian day when evil shall have been banished from a weary world, shall the owners of sporting rights enjoy an immunity from the attentions of poachers. They are of all sorts and conditions, and, in justice to the majority, it must be admitted that they are manly likeable rascals enough, with more than a little of the genuine sportsman about them.

They have inherited their proclivities from a long line of poaching ancestors. They were brought up to the craft, as were their fathers before them, among snares, nets, and the indispensable "lurchers." And there is no better name than the latter for the poacher's dog, who is the exact canine counterpart of his master.

While the latter has an easy virile bearing, combined with a certain peering demeanour and taci- turn, sus- picious manner, so his dog couple the swift- ness of the greyhound and the keen scent of the collie with a silent purposefulness of action, and a sturdy defiance of law and order. Someone has said that, like Bill Sikes's bulldog, these lurchers, if shut up hungry in a witness-box, would refrain even from whining for fear of committing their masters or themselves.



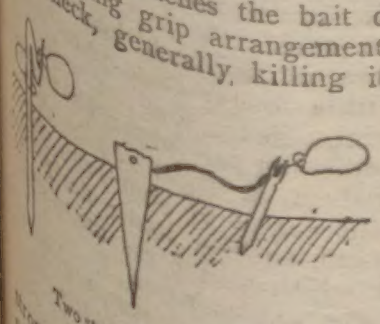
A simple form of rabbit or bird trap.

SOME TEMPTING BAITS.

But I fear I am wandering from my subject—the traps that are used both by the poacher and the man who enjoys a legal right to snare and take game or rabbits.

Probably one of the simplest and least expensive rabbit or bird traps is that shown in the first of our illustrations.

Pegged down to the ground by a small chain, it is baited with some tempting morsel. Cooked maize is much favoured by game birds, and what rabbit was ever known to pass by a deliciously fresh lettuce leaf? As soon as the victim touches the bait down comes a sort of spring grip arrangement on the back of its neck, generally killing it at once, or, at least, holding it tightly until the poacher comes for it.



Two styles of rabbit snares.

These traps can be bought even as cheap as threepence, though a strong one for rabbits should cost about ninepence or a shilling.

WORKING WITH TWO NETS.

One of the favourite wheezes of the poacher for snaring rabbits is to choose a field containing a cover or a furze-bank that is honeycombed with rabbit holes. Then two long parallel rows of nets are pegged down along the bank close to the mouths of the burrows. These nets are no more than a yard or so apart and that which is nearer to the holes has a much larger mesh than the other.

Two men and a dog are required. One of the men works the field with his dog, and thus drives the feeding coneys, so that they all make an instant bolt for the burrows. They rush headlong into the first net which is slack, and are promptly carried by sheer impetus through the wider meshes of the second net.

Thus they are nicely snared, and it only remains for the patiently expectant second poacher to knock them on the head.

By the way, this method is not nearly so frequently practised against hares, for the reason that the latter when snared scream like a very young child with a stomach-ache, whereas Brer Rabbit shows a more typically British spirit by resigning himself in silence to his fate.

Nets to prevent rabbits from entering their burrows.

A simpler form of snare is shown in our second illustration. It consists of a brass wire noose attached to an iron peg, and fixed outside the rabbit hole, so that the victim's head is slipped through when he comes unsuspectingly out, or else is chased out by a ferret. Sometimes these snares are composed of a smaller noose and twig, attached in their turn to a stout, wooden peg.

A trap that is of less use to the poacher than the ordinary sportsman with a gun is shown in another of our illustrations.

PREVENTING "LOST" RABBITS.

It consists of a wire net set in a frame of wood, in shape something like the striking part of a tennis-racket. These frames are fixed on a swivel to a spiked wooden peg, which is driven into the earth just above the hole.

A spring and net trap for birds.

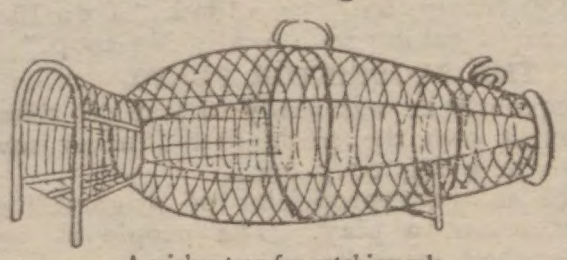
Thus the net will move outwards readily should bunny want to come out; but it will not go inwards and let him get back. Thus when the ferret has driven him out, every facility is offered to the gunner of bowling him over.

After devoting so much space to the numerous and toothsome rabbit, we may say a word about a useful bird-trap, shown also on this page.

CATCHING THEM ALIVE.

It consists of a board, almost entirely covered over by a net, which, however, has a wide opening at one end which opens and shuts with a spring.

The bait is placed well inside the net, and the bird's action in seizing it is sufficient to close the mouth and leave the feathered prey struggling in the meshes.



A wicker trap for catching eels.

Finally, here is an illustration of an interesting and useful trap for eels.

The charmingly confiding eels go in one after the other in search of the tempting bait, but whereas they can get in all right, they cannot get out through the very narrow opening.

G. ACTON FOSTER.

FAIR FOOTBALL TRICKS.

NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH FOULS.

There are many, too many, knavish tricks in football, but there are also some that are perfectly legitimate.

There is one that is, perhaps, on the border line. I refer to a dodge often practised when taking a free-kick which affords a pretty good chance of scoring a goal. Here the player taking the kick runs up to the ball, but at the last moment he jumps quickly aside, and another player, who has been in readiness behind, dashes up and shoots hard at goal, this manœuvre often completely baffling the goalkeeper.

The back-heel pass from a forward to a half-back is often very effective. Here the forward has drawn the opposition on to him but is hampered, and can neither go forward nor pass out, so he quietly taps the ball back with his heel, and the waiting half pounces on it and swings it out to the unguarded wing.

Back-heeling the ball may also be advantageously practised by a wing forward.

He has got away but is hotly pursued, and knows instinctively that he will be tackled before he can get in a good centre. He jumps over the ball and kicks it backwards with his heel, at the same time wheeling round like lightning in the direction away from his opponent.

The latter, taken by surprise, is probably unable to check himself, and the forward is left with plenty of time to centre or to dribble in towards goal.

Mr. V. J. Woodward is an adept at the following manœuvre: The ball is passed across to him (I am assuming that he is playing inside-left), and, as is usually the case, when the ball goes anywhere near Mr. Woodward the opposition concentrate on him. He sees that there is no opening for him, so he nimbly hops over the ball, leaving it to go out to the wing man, who most likely has been left more or less unguarded.

Harold Fleming, of Swindon fame, is a very tricky player, though always in a sportsmanlike way. When near goal he is fond of unostentatiously dropping back into, or nearly into, the half-back line, sometimes moving round to the other wing. Screened by the other players, he traps the ball and comes away with one of his brilliant dashes before his opponents have time to realise that one of the most dangerous forwards in England is on the war-path.

Meredith, the great Welshman; Rutherford, of Newcastle United; and Templeton of the "twinkling feet." are all exceedingly tricky wingers, particularly adept at feinting with their feet.

A player whose generally sound, frequently brilliant, and always sportsmanlike game has not perhaps received the recognition it deserves is Garratt, the Crystal Palace right-winger.

Garratt is particularly clever at "diddling" a back who thinks he has got him safely cornered. When he sees that he cannot beat the back by pace, he stops short, dances about from one foot to another, and then shapes to take a long shot at goal, but instead he gives the ball a sharp tap past the back, sometimes between his legs, and then with a swift bound he is round the back before he can recover himself, and clear away with the ball.

A pass that never fails to "bring the house down" is made by a forward sticking his foot out backwards to a pass that comes up to him from behind. With luck he may succeed in deflecting it to a forward on either side of him. It is very pretty, but rather fluky.

A. H. MILLS.

HEDGEROW BERRIES.

POINTS OF COLOUR NOW TO BE SEEN BY THE ROADSIDE.

The bright and varied colours of spring, the deeper richer hues of summer, have gone for another year. We have done well with some of our flowers, indifferently with others, and perhaps badly with yet others.

If the wealth of summer flowers was rich in massed effects, it is in autumn that the sharpest contrasts catch the eye.

From the biggest apple, reddening in patches where the sun catches the skin between the dull leaves, now withering to their fall, to the minutest, blackest cluster of the privet berries in the neglected hedge, all these berries are the harvest fruits, and all are essential to the continued clothing of the earth with a dress of verdure each year.

Contrasts of great beauty are now to be found with a little careful searching in every hedge.

Most plentiful, perhaps, round the homestead and the farm are the elderberries. They hang in large clusters, a thousand little deep purple, almost black, juicy fruits, looking like large leaden shots as the sun brightens up their surface. Here, when the mornings begin to turn crisp, and the dew whitens almost into frost, the farmstead birds will gather and take full toll of the juicy little balls.

One of the most beautiful berries a rambler can find is that of the spindle tree. The colour is a rich pink, and the four-chambered berries hang with a waxen surface that looks like beautiful hand-painting. They are most poisonous to human beings, but birds eat them with relish and suffer no harm.

Where the yew—one of the oldest and most British of trees—grows wild, there the thrushes will gather as autumn advances. All day long these birds will be flying in and out of the trees for the sake of the dull, pink, cup-like berries, filled with a big hard seed, surrounded by a shiny pulp.

Down in the roots of the hedges the stalks of the wild arum, or cuckoo pink, are covered at the top with a dozen or more soft pink berries that shine from out their lowly setting.

Above them, trailing along the tops of the hedge, runs the black bryony, sometimes confused with the woody nightshade. These runners and climbers have egg-shaped berries that vary in colour from a rich crimson to a watery green, and all should be avoided, for some are poisonous to man and beast.

Up on the chalk lands the rich, glossy black berries of the dogwood tree make a point of beautiful colour in the stripped hedges. Few trees have proved so useful to man. Mill-wheel cogs, charcoal for gunpowder, and in days gone by, shafts for arrows, and many other things have been made from the wood.

Among red berries the hips of the wild roses and sweet briar illuminate many an otherwise dull tract of autumn hedge, and the clusters of wild guelder-rose seeds trim the ragged edges of many a pond as they hang over the stagnant water.

The blackthorn berry, better known as the sloe, seems to be getting scarce in English hedges. Nowadays it is difficult to gather sufficient in a day's search to make half a gallon of sloe gin.

Red, white, and orange, the berries vary considerably, but all are beautiful by contrast with the dark green, shiny leaves.

Many more may be added to the list by the observant walker, who can, if he be so minded, make a glorious bouquet of autumn berries and gorgeous leaves that will grace any room.

M. BRUCE.

THE HUMAN SIDE

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

STIMULANTS.

Pray be under no misapprehension—I am not going to write about drink. If I confess to the truth, my interest in drink is exceedingly small—in strong drink, that is to say. Perhaps when I headed this article "Stimulants," I used the wrong word. Perhaps I ought to have said stimulus, because my mind was bent, not upon the material so much as upon the mental side of the question.

Now, this stimulus or mental stimulant—what is it? Well, it is essentially that which, while it is one man's meat it is another man's poison.

It is not understandable to some people why the working man, when he has quitted work and has eaten his evening meal, should be satisfied to go and sit in a garish public-house drinking more liquor than is good for him.

FLEEING FROM MONOTONY.

And yet, a moment's reflection will show that in doing so he is not in the main moved by a desire for stimulant so much as he is urged by a craving for stimulus.

The work of most labourers is exceedingly monotonous, and it is, indeed, a very splendid type of man who can force himself to do without the stimulus which is the easiest for him to imbibe. It is so carefully and so attractively managed, this same stimulus, that he has but to stretch out a hand with two coppers in it to feel, honestly enough, that he is but taking the just reward of his day's toil.

He does not intend to let those coppers run into silver—oh, no! He merely wants a little excitement, a little rubbing of his wits against somebody else's after the weary work of the day is over.

WHY MEN GAMBLE.

Of course, I am not speaking of all working men—by no means—but only of those who make a rule of turning into the public-house, and having turned, of staying there.

So it is with gamblers. Why do people gamble? I have known extremely wealthy people to whom the acquisition of more money was absolutely no object, who gambled hard every time that they had the chance. Mental stimulus, again. They did not gamble for gain.

I have known an extremely wealthy man who played *chemin de fer* for all he was worth, who did not thank you for a small win. I asked him one day why he gambled, why he played the game, since he turned up his nose at every coup that had passed, whether he won it or not.

"Well," he said, "I don't play to win, and I don't care about these little coups of under 250 francs, but," he added, "I do like the honour of raking in a really big coup."

THE PROPRIETOR PLAYS.

Consequently he was ready to take all risks, and I must own the truth, that I never saw him rake in a big coup once.

I once saw the proprietor of a gambling table sit down to play. The people sitting round laughed joyously.

"Now we shall have some fun," they said, "for Monsieur always loses."

But that evening Monsieur did not lose; he won. Everything he touched turned into gold. The pile in front of him increased and increased. He played in the most reckless, crazy fashion, ad yet his winnings grew and grew. It was the first time in the whole of his life that he had won, and he was excited and pleased as a child.

All mental stimulus. He was a very rich man, he did not in the least care whether he made money or not, but the mental stimulus was everything.

They tell me that mountain climbing and big game hunting are both phases of the same craving, and you may believe me that there is no sort of stimulus for the tired brain-worker like that which is embodied in the form of a hobby.

THE STIMULUS OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

Suppose, dear reader, that your hobby happens to be apple-green Worcester, or old lustre. Suppose, too, that money is an object to you and that you cannot buy just all that you see. To purchase a really fine piece, perhaps, calls for some self-sacrifice on your part.

Well, is it not worth it? Is there any stimulus so delightful as the sacrifice by which you acquire a flawless and perfect piece to add to your collection? I think not. So are all the pleasures of life—every one of them. Yet the pleasures of life are not the most stimulating, or the most desirable. For it is when the individual, or the nation, comes to find its greatest stimulus in its work—that that nation goes straight to the top and stays there.

WHEN WORK IS PLAY.

Why, for instance, are the Scotch such an extraordinary nation? Because their work is their play.

Why do Irish make the best soldiers? The Irishman fights for pleasure. His ideal way—taking, of course, the Irishman in the rough state—is to spend his holiday fighting anybody that will fight with him.

It is the mere excitement of a fight, the stimulus of running the risk of getting his head broken, that moves the average Irishman.

MUD-PATTENS.

FOR THE BROADLAND SPORTSMAN.

The man who goes punt-gunning or (let us whisper it) poaching in the marshy broadland district, should not fail to provide himself with a pair of mud pattens.

With these he will be able to walk, of course, carefully and circumspectly, in oozy places which would not by any chance have borne his weight without them.

They can be bought from most sporting outfitters, but a man of average ingenuity can make a pair much more cheaply and with comparative ease.

Take six pieces of half-inch board, five of them just a little longer than your foot, and one about eight inches long.

Nail them together on this plan: The short one under your heel at right angles, one long one under the centre of your foot, also at right angles, and another under the part of the sole with which you press the pedal of a cycle, at right angles again.

Under these nail three cross-pieces, together at the heel, but verging away towards the toe, thus: One straight under your foot from heel to toe and one on each side of the foot, something after the fashion of a painter's easel.

A cruder kind can be made by taking two bits of flat board (one for each foot), boring holes on either side of the toe and heel of each to allow of a cord for tying them on.

Always be careful to walk flat-footed in mud pattens, or you may trip, and fall dangerously.

It must be remembered that pattens are capable of making you stick fast if you venture upon extremely thin mud. In such circumstances cut the strings holding them, and flounder out as best you can.

A HUMOROUS-RACING YARN.

RUNNING TO RED

By BERNARD MACKLIN.

[illegible]n course, the bell—it was of the [illegible]d variety that costs a shilling at [illegible]onger's—was tinkled to clear the [illegible] next event.

[illegible]iend Mr. Timothy Spillings, whippet [illegible]at down somewhat heavily on the [illegible]ared grand stand. It consisted of a half [illegible] wooden fish-trunks that the enter-[illegible]sing clerk of the scales (what *he* did not [illegible]ow about cutting off a pound and a quarter [illegible]ump steak to half a flicker of the balance [illegible]t not worth knowing) had obtained from [illegible]ocal Sweeting.

[illegible]r. Spillings had with him his whippet [illegible]that had just been very easily vanquished [illegible]he Puppy [illegible]kes (twelve and sixpence to [illegible] and a dollar to the runner-up) [illegible]was pointedly unhappy.

[illegible]had perforce, when I turned my glance [illegible]im, to hide his emotion by flying to that [illegible]y valve of all disappointed racing-dog [illegible]ers, his nose. This he blew vigorously, [illegible]edly producing in lieu of his hand-[illegible] the blue rag which his dog had just [illegible]to nibble first.

[illegible]The puppy drew his attention to his error [illegible]ng at the rag.

[illegible]Spillings fetched him a sounding cuff [illegible]the ear with a dexterity that made me [illegible]ger wonder that his children, who had [illegible]on to the field in clean collars or [illegible]es, were still speckless and wearing woe-[illegible]e faces.

[illegible]id yer twig him?" he said to me. [illegible]at the rag 'e did! An' 'im the son of [illegible]bury Snatcher, too. Sniffed! Why 'is [illegible]"

[illegible]He was at a loss for words.

[illegible]should ha' paid with my nose for that [illegible]error, sir, 'ad it bin Swicklebury [illegible]her at my knee now," he said at length, [illegible]ry much enraged because the dog had [illegible]on his nose (it was not a classically-[illegible]ed feature and I could understand that [illegible]not have been much of a loss to [illegible]lings) he favoured the animal with [illegible]ation of his foot in the region of his [illegible]ters.

[illegible]life of a losing racing whippet seemed [illegible]to be a very hard one. I ventured to [illegible]rate.

[illegible]wot's it matter?" said Mr. Spillings. [illegible]do myself the extreme pleasure of [illegible]im when I get 'im 'ome."

[illegible]you're goin' to out 'im, mate," said a [illegible]tleman, sitting at the back of [illegible], and giving you 'arf a bar for [illegible]save yer the trouble. E'd make [illegible]little pet for my kids——"

[illegible]would, strangely enough," said Mr. [illegible], sarcasm, "take an immediate [illegible]full-fledged registered owners [illegible]whippet, which, chance 'ow 'e [illegible]'ll yet give all the blightin' [illegible]such a towsin' as they 'on't [illegible]their tails 'ang after 'e's done [illegible]"

[illegible]father was Swicklebury Snatcher, [illegible]up Monkwearmouth. You South-[illegible]ob crawlers wouldn't know 'im. But, [illegible]was a whippet, *'e* was—not a cross, [illegible]majority o' dogs 'ere, between a [illegible]an' the legs of aunty's occasional [illegible]"

[illegible]was funny 'ow I picked Swicklebury [illegible]up, sir. A little draper chap I [illegible]give to, 'im on a pup. 'Is parents [illegible]whippets, but somehow, try as [illegible]their owners couldn't kid [illegible]to their colours, which was [illegible]er than put 'im in the soup they [illegible]to little Higginson.

[illegible]'ad 'im a month afore 'e consults [illegible]'im, an' brings the proposition in a bag. 'E said the dog 'ad tore up every bit o' ribbon 'e'd got in a drawer wot 'ad carelessly been left open. An' when I asks 'im wot colour was the ribbon, 'e ses red.

"'Well, that's a sign of vice,' ses 'e, 'an' p'raps 'e'd best be outed.'

"'Right you are,' ses I. 'You leave that part to me.'

"An' I bids 'im good mornin'. Then I lets Snatcher out of the bag. I was wearin' red socks at the time, bein' in my slippers, an' red was fash'nble in them days.

"A second arterwards the young feller-me-lad 'ad got 'is teeth not only into the 'osiery but 'alf into my delicate ankle as well. I fetches 'im a sanakatowser of a swipe across the kisser an' lays 'im out.

"'That's where you lay last!' I ses.

"As 'e was stretched out there, I 'ad a chance to study 'is points. They were just correct for a whippet; built for stamina and speed—a picture!

"Wot a pity I did ye in, thinks I. An', not noticin' any signs o' life, I prepares his obseqiouses, huntin' in the landlady's duster drawer, an' finally findin' an old bit o' red flannel wot I thought would make a nice windin' sheet.

"Well, that was all right. I did 'im up in this very nice an' pretty.

"'Come along, old boy,' I ses, liftin' 'im up. 'Like as not you'd ha' made a good racin' dog if you'd come into sensible 'ands. As it is, you've only tore up some ribbon an' done in my new pair o' socks, but *de mortuaries nilli nixi bonum*—don't say anything wrong about the bones in the mortuary—come along and be buried.'

"So I lifts 'im up an' covers the rag over 'is glazed eyes.

"No sooner 'ad I done this than it acted like brandy. 'E gave a twitch an' a fratch an', openin' 'is mouf feebly, 'e starts tryin' to bite the red rag. An' I realised, sir, that ceremonious as I 'ad been over 'is burial I 'ad omitted the rather necessary matter of findin' out whether 'e was rightly dead.

"Well, I was by way of bein' what you *might* call a whippet fancier, sir—not a chap with no more *kiveeve* than the owner of a sniffin' flea-bag of a collie what's always asleep. I got to work on Snatcher with a flask o' brandy, just managin' to preserve the spark o' life—'cause I may say that when I catch anything or anybody a sanakatowser I *do* catch 'em a sanakatowser. See that?

"As 'e was comin' round I occupied my mind thinkin' up 'is pedigree. Bless yer, I knew it a-both sides like as if 'e'd been Persimmon. I thought of 'is forebears two generations back. (What dog on this field wouldn't be as proud as an American to 'ave a great grandfather, sir? Yes, I'm referrin' to these dogs, one of which dahned my puppy to-day, a 'orrible instance of a class 'orse runnin' green an' bein' whacked by a T.Y.O. sellin'-plater.)

"As I said, I thought of 'is forebears two generations back. I remembered that they'd belonged to old Stroud of the Palace Gates 'Otel, an' 'e 'ad always run 'is dogs to red. 'E was a throwback then to a champion kennel, this Snatcher. I added 'Swicklebury' to 'is name afore 'e 'ad time to come properly to (Swicklebury Lane was where I lived), an' I registered 'im as such the same day.

"Always run to red . . . see? It was in 'im. This instinctive lust for red—as clear marked as the taste of a skivvy for a soldier.

"What demonstration I needed I got on the Common next day by shakin' a red 'andkerchief an' lettin' one of the apprentices down at our yard slip 'im. You should ha' seen 'im come along straight as an arrer. It was a fair treat. It made you feel that there *was* somethin' more to live for than mere beer.

"And to cut a long repetition of 'is glorious victories short, I may say that there wasn't an ewent in the 'ole county of Durham [illegible] 'e didn't fairly doddle once 'e'd been slipped for it—sharp as a needle. I was open to bet that 'e'd kill a 'are quicker 'n a grey'ound—if they only dyed the 'are red first of all.

"D'ye know that once 'e got the nickname o' Sherlock 'Olmes?

"I was in the fittin' shop of an ironworks at the time, an', character bein' no object so long as you could do the work, we 'ad some peculiar blokes wot used to turn up there an' get jobs in our busy times.

"There was one feller wot was a very nice sort o' feller. You could 'ave all the beer you liked with 'im an' yet 'e was in a position to lend you a couple of og in the middle o' the week if the 'orses 'ad been runnin' more to suit the pocket o' your bookmaker than yours.

"We were very smart at nicknames in our shop. They called me 'Beef,' y'know, an' this feller, because of 'is very bright, auburn 'air—'e 'ad a reg'lar poll of it—was appropriately ticketed 'Carrots.' An' natcherally enough we was very thick pals 'cause we got thrown together a lot by the foreman on various jobs.

"'Oh, "Beef" an' "Carrots" can go an' do that,' c'd say.

"'E was a 'depressin' beggar at most times. This was 'is one joke. We never failed to laugh at it.

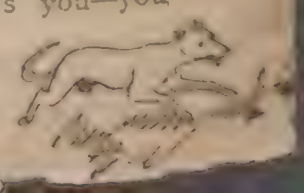
"Well, this Carrots an' me was very extra pals, an' I 'ad displayed my confidence in 'im by borrowin' various ogs in friendly fashion, afore Snatcher 'appened to come to the yard with me one mornin'.

"Now just about that time the country was 'orrified at a 'eartless embezzlement on the part of a young feller in a place o' trust in a big accountant's office. It ran into thousands, an' 'is photygraph was as familiar to everyone as the portrait of Lloyd George. Like Peter the Painter, no one 'ad been able to put salt on 'is narrative.

"Afore 'e 'ad gone in for serious work at this accountant's office, it was said 'e 'ad dabbled a bit as apprentice in an ironworks an' tired of it. It was thought, as 'e 'ad not been observed to leave the country by boat, that 'e would perhaps lie low and deflect suspicion by just disguisin' himself a bit and doin' a little casual job or two in an iron works.

"Well, when Snatcher copped sight of Carrot's nob 'e saw the 'igh red colouring an' went bang for it, catchin' 'im low down and comin' away with Carrots' beautiful 'air—an' it left no one else but the dark-locked young feller-me-lad wot 'ad 'opped with the ooftish!

"'Hullo!' I said. 'Then it's you—you



who've been filling up all the columns in the newspapers lately!'

"'Yes,' he said. 'You've 'it it, and it's this 'ere sleuthhound of yours what 'as given the show away. Now, what are you goin' to do about it?'

"I says somethin' about me duty as a citizen.

"'Well, you're right in a sense,' 'e says, 'but, puttin' aside the fact of our bein' mates, 'ow would you like to stand with me in the dock?'

"'Dock?' ses I.

"'Yes,' ses 'e. 'Can you or can you not pay me the seventeen an' fourpence you've borrowed from me for beer this last fortnight?'

"'Blarst your imperance!' I ses. 'You know it's a Thursday! What workin' man ever 'ad any money on a Thursday?'

"'E shook 'is 'ead.

"'Well,' 'e ses, 'if you give me in charge I shall 'ave to render an account of every penny, and you'll be in the soup with me—you've 'ad some of the money—an accessory after the fact.'

"So I 'ad to let 'im go scot free. See that?"

Behind me the gentleman who had offered a half-sovereign for the son of Swicklebury Snatcher sighed very deeply.

Mr. Spillings raised his voice a little.

"There are some people," he said, "to whom truth is so strange that they can't reckernise it when they 'ear it. Such people never 'avin' 'ad either good dogs or any experience of a meetin' anythin' above the class of this—which is to say the lowest—would probably disbelieve 'ow Snatcher by sheer instinct literally tore a summons from a plain-cloe's man.

"It was like this, sir. Up North, among the real old society of owners o' racin' whippets, a man, by reason o' some old custom, is rather looked down on if 'e goes docile to the post-office an' pays seven-an'-six for a licence. It 'appened that in Snatcher's case I didn't like to be out o' the fashion. An' the result was that a lot o' funny-lookin' coves came 'angin' round wantin' to say nice things about my dog.

"One of 'em in particler by the fact that 'e never seemed to 'ave washed 'is 'ands for months, appeared to be all kiff. I took 'im into my confidence one day as I was runnin' on about Snatcher, an' told 'im that we was in the aristocracy.

"An' the next day I was told 'e was a nark. Nice, wasn't it?

"Well, we've a way with narks up North when they come at ye in that sneakin' manner. I waited for 'im, an', challengin' 'im to fair fight, knocked 'im clean out—'e 'adn't a 'undred to three chance. They make boys policemen in these days. You will note I manœuvred against 'im strictly as a civilian, kiddin' as a cause of the quarrel that I 'ad 'eard as 'e 'ad been turnin' goo-goo eyes on my girl.

"An' once I'd got 'im down I proceeded to search 'im for the summons against me 'e was supposed to be carryin'. But not in one pocket could I find it.

"At that moment, Snatcher, 'oo 'ad been 'angin' about in the background, suddenly runs up, and commences tearin' open first 'is coat, then 'is waistcoat, an' then 'is shirt. I thought 'e'd gorn mad—yes, that I did. An' I tried to 'aul 'im off.

"But 'e wasn't mad, bless yer. 'E 'ad X-ray eyes for red, that's all!

"An' sniffin' 'is nose into the nark's shirt 'e finally produces an' tugs at a big pad o' red flannel—a chest-protector, as I'm a sinner, on a member of the Force!

"I suppose the strain must ha' made it give round the neck, for Snatcher 'ad one side of it out inside two seconds.

"An' tearin' at it with 'is teeth, 'e suddenly reveals the nark's dispatch carrying department—a pocket let in the back o' that chest-protector, out o' which tumbled the summons made out in my name!

"I makes a grab at it to tear it up, but my merchant was more awake than I thought. Wcoshter! 'E cops me in the jaw an' blows 'is whistle.

"'Seize it!' I calls out despairingly to my dog. 'Seize it!'

"But though I pointed to the summons 'e couldn't be kidded to touch it.

"*You see, sir, it was blue.* . . . . . That, sir, is why I teach this puppy and all future puppies o' mine to run to that colour. Think what a 'appy place for whippet fanciers the county o' Durham would be if they all taught their dogs to run to blue!"

DROPPED LETTERS.

It is by no means unusual for shopkeepers to neglect the white porcelain letters which enterprising firms affix to their windows, and to allow them to get into an unsightly condition through some of the letters dropping off.

The combination of letters remaining on the glass sometimes gives a most ludicrous result, and in any case it looks untidy, and says but little for the methods of the tradesman concerned.

TRICKS OF JOCKEYS.

Although, perhaps, not every racing man will admit such a thing—for good reasons—it is well known by almost everybody who is at all closely connected with the sport, that a great many jockeys hardly ever ride fairly.

And in almost every case their malpractices are winked at—nay, secretly encouraged—by the owners for whom they ride.

Take, for instance, almost every case of bumping. Look it up, and see if in that race there was not another horse belonging to the same owner or the same stable as the offending horse's. Bumping is very often deliberately done, not so much to allow the actual offender to win, as to allow a stable companion to steal a march on the equine victim.

Bumping, by the way, is very difficult to detect nowadays, for most jockeys are such adepts at the art of making it look accidental. Whereas boring is readily spotted and punished, it is easy for a crook rider to race up alongside a horse as if intent on passing him, and then with a sharp jab of the heel and a touch on the rein, make his own mount bump ever so slightly against the other.

Then when questioned, he simply declares that his horse shied at some object blowing across the course.

CLUB NEWS.

EDINBURGH.—A meeting of special interest will take place at the Edinburgh MODERN MAN Social and Athletic Club, India Buildings, Victoria Street, Edinburgh, on Monday, August 21st. There is going to be a pleasant surprise for someone, but the secretary asks us not to divulge more. All members are expected to turn up, and they can bring strangers with them if they like.

BIRMINGHAM.—On Wednesday, August 23rd, a Territorial Smoker will be held at the Headquarters of the Birmingham MODERN MAN Club, 46, New Street (entrance Needless Alley), at 7.30 p.m. All members of His Majesty's Forces are invited to attend in uniform. On Wednesday, September 6th, at 8.30 p.m., there will be a debate. The subject chosen is interesting, and all local readers are cordially invited, whether they are members or not. There is no charge for admission.

BOLTON.—A meeting in connection with the Bolton MODERN MAN Club will he held on Tuesday, August 22nd, at 8 p.m., at the Vegetarian Restaurant, Newport Street.

BREAKS IN A MAN'S LIFE

HOW A MAN FEELS WHEN HE IS COMPELLED TO ALTER HIS USUAL ROUTINE.

Serious illness is an obvious cause of a break in a man's life.

A healthy, busy man, if he ever thinks of such a thing, regards the possibility of a long illness as a dire calamity. How could his business go on without him? How would he do lying in bed all day?

Yet Nature, even when she strikes, strikes unkindly.

The strong man, suddenly stricken down, quickly adapts himself to his altered circumstances.

Of course, much depends on the nature of his malady. To be laid up with a broken leg is exasperating, but not so exasperating as might be supposed. After all, you cannot break a leg without suffering a severe shock, and when the mental numbness has worn off you are already almost accustomed to captivity.

In the case of serious illness, Nature supplies the anodyne of exhaustion, which makes you indifferent to everything.

I was once laid up for nearly two months with enteric fever—a big break in any man's life. Had anyone told me before that I should be content to lie in bed for such a period I should have laughed at the idea.

I had many activities, many interests, all of which I thought all-important, but from the moment I was down till the day I was fairly "up" I never worried about them.

One's interest in things mundane does not return immediately with convalescence. It comes gradually.

I remember the first day I was allowed an airing after my illness I came across a football match, a game I was very fond of watching. But now I found that it interested me very little.

Of course, after a long break one looks forward to resuming business, to returning to one's regular haunts. One expects to find everything strange and greatly altered.

This expectation is usually disappointed. For the first hour or two things may seem a little unfamiliar, but it is wonderful how quickly you settle down again.

A little saddening this coming back to the world. No matter how welcome they may make you, you cannot but discover that the world has managed to get along very well without you.

However, this rather painful fact of your insignificance in the world's concerns is rightly faced as a spur to make a place that will not be easily filled.

Sometimes a man has radically to change his life for the sake of others. Recently a friend's wife was stricken with a dangerous disease and told that her only chance of life lay in removing at once to a certain seaside resort for a period of five years. This was promptly followed.

To both of them it means a big break in their lives. For her, severance from friends and society she is accustomed to; for him the making of a new social world, for the revolutionising of his business methods and habits.

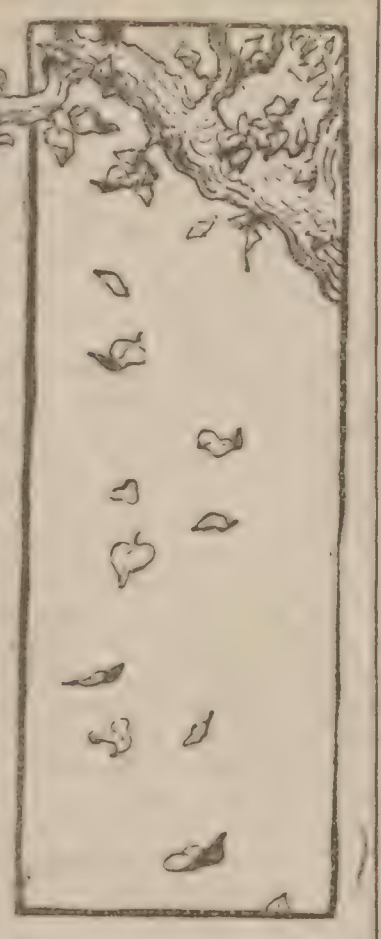
They both thought they would hate it, but they tell me that already they have almost forgotten that they ever lived in London.

And so with the breaks caused by the death of some loved one. We may think them unfillable at the time, but gradually, but surely it closes up.

A man's career may be broken in upon by illness, misfortune, or other causes, but he will unite again, and perhaps be all the better for the break.

ARTHUR PAGE.

...ward into Autumn



... TO ACTIVITY AS THE AIR GROWS COOL.

...ith the lazy delights of summer, ...r man is at first apt to regard ...gns of approaching change with ...gret.

... and this summer of all—has given ... a sense of the permanence of ... light that a dull day is something ... and a rainy one a real dis-...t.

...ough it has been, the summer has ...ay, now that we come to recall ... do apparently endless open ... lie ahead to be filled in at ... an infinite variety of summer

... PAST HOLIDAYS.

... fortnight of all has come ... the summer holiday—and now that ...s have to be kept, the spells of ...ther are more precious than ever, ...ull day that dawns fills one with ...hopelessness that gives an impres-...another whole year lies between ... open-air enjoyment.

... as these all of us are ...mes of feeling. The change ...er to autumn is not yet complete, ... begun, and change is the last thing ...ant, once summer has completely ...er to its delights.

... the intermediate ... and fro, as it were, between ... the future. We are like an ...t is crossing points. There are ...s, the carriage sways this way ... throwing you first to one side ...o the other with indifference and ...Then at last the train runs out ... of unbroken rail, the car- ... into line, and the journey ... without disturbance.

...URES.

... with the passing of summer and ...s of autumn. The weather seems ...rom the best to the worst, and all ...f warmth and summer idleness ...in a deluge of rain.

...on, and the man who found ...e ideal period of the year will soon ...es as a pleasant discovery that ...ws one to be active far beyond ... of summer. Walking, rather than ...comes a delight which the athletic ...ges to his heart's content.

...n the open, during which one has ...roken weather and has been forced ...r for half an hour at a time, to ...to a sudden return of summer, is ...ence to be remembered.

...ightful uncertainty breaks the ... of the day.

...EATHER.

...rt equipped, with care, ready for ... autumn, as in spring, change ... anything may come. From the clouds as they ...terial for rain, hail, thunder, or only ...hine.

...r the valley there is a long vista ... tier of cloud, their bases cut off ... the horizon, their summits here ... marked with the high piles of ...nobs that lift themselves up into ...t of blue skies.

... less deep, as it is less desirable. ... fortnight ago, was like ... of green, and where the ... could not penetrate, there is now a dazzling light coming through the thinning leaves.

Dust that lay an inch deep at the roadside, and made a hot but silent carpet to tread upon, is now caked by the rains.

Round the pond the reeds have begun to break, and hang withering, their tips in the water. Here they will die and dry until in mid-winter, when the sleet drives down upon the water, pitting the surface with innumerable drops, they will rustle together in the bleak short days, the picture of loneliness.

In the air there is a delicious exhilaration. By early evening the air has cooled and the sky has lost its summer look of misty heat. To walk or to cycle is a joy, for the roads are moist but not dirty.

THE COOL, STIMULATING AIR.

Many a cyclist who is indifferent to his mount during all the rest of the year cannot help himself now. When he has finished his day's work the cool air irresistibly calls him out.

He may catch the last rays of the sun as it drops down into the wood, now rapidly shedding its leaves.

Perhaps as he runs silently between the high hedges the first scent of dying leaves comes to him on the breeze. Perhaps, too, he will see autumn's first mist trailing away through water meadows, following the course of the brook.

A late thrush will be singing, the breath of cattle will come from the farm—still fragrant with the year's hay crop; the sound of cart-horses' slow tramping, as they enter the old thatched and weather-boarded stable, will suggest evening and rest; in the window of the cottage across three fields a single point of light shines, and slowly over the tree tops a long line of late rooks makes its way to the woods on the side of the little hills just far enough away to be mysterious at this hour of dusk.

WATCHING NATURE'S CHANGES.

Played upon by all these things, the cyclist's mood falls insensibly into harmony with the autumn, and summer is forgotten in a new and fresher experience.

Thenceforward one will watch each day with interest. There will come the morning of the first frost; then the deluge that puts the fields under water; then the gale to strip the trees.

If the days and nights are passed when the air is hot and close there is in store the joy of fighting the winds and rains.

There is the closing of earth's leafy display, but there is the beginning of other charms, more subtle and mysterious, charms in which air and sky and mist play the subtlest part.

C. EASTON-GREY.

A WARM WELCOME

Awaits every reader who cares to join "The Modern Man" League.

It is a league of good-fellowship and good sportsmanship; and the men in it are the kind you want to have as friends.

Join to-day. An entry form appears on page 24.

SCHOOLING YOUNG CHASERS.

WHAT MANY TRAINERS ARE DOING JUST NOW.

Despite the fact that the flat-racing season is by no means over yet, and that the jumping season proper has not yet started, still August has quite a number of summer N. H. meetings, and, what is more, it is at this season of the year that trainers are engaged in schooling youngsters, and also failures at flat-racing, for a winter's season under National Hunt rules.

It is not everybody who can do this, for everything in a jumper's future success depends on the ability and individuality of the man who first trains it over its little jumps.

He must first of all possess that rarest of qualities "hands," and just the requisite proportion of gentleness and firmness which will let his charge see that he is kind without being weak and masterful without being cruel.

He must study his horse's individuality, too, for some horses take to jumping with natural enthusiasm, while others exhibit so marked a distaste as to need exceedingly subtle handling.

The first stage in a jumper's training is generally to take him into a large field or school, with tiny hurdles, composed of a few faggots, disposed of about fifty yards apart; all round it, something like a circus arena. The trainer does not mount his four-legged pupil, but stands in the middle of the school holding a very long pair of reins in his left hand and guiding him with them, at the same time gently urging the horse over the faggot hurdles with a soft crack of a long whip held in the right hand.

As soon as the youngster does this performance fairly willingly he is given a dummy rider, and made to do it over again, but if it is a flat-race horse that is being trained for jumping, this is not needed, and he can be ridden at once.

Hurdling is taught him first of all, for trainers are agreed that no horse should fence before he can hurdle, although, strangely enough, they are two distinctly different actions.

To prevent a horse from "beating himself jumping" is the object of the initial hurdling, which is always done low. If a horse starts by jumping, however, he invariably jumps too high, and so loses both time, energy, and ground.

An equine hurdler is just like his human colleague, in that he takes his hurdles in his stride. In this respect Chandos was a horse which has never been equalled. His jockey used to tell how Chandos would obviously measure his distance in his mind a few strides before the obstacle, so as not to have to "put in a little one" just before the jump. He never "dwelt" at a hurdle—a fatal proceeding.

Naturally, as a horse's training advances, the size of his hurdles or fences increases, until it equals those he will have to negotiate in the race for which he is being trained. But a wise trainer is wide awake to the danger of "disgusting" his horse—as the saying is—by overmuch jumping.

He is, moreover, very chary of the water-jump, because most horses hate it. Thus, at first, he will coax the animal over quite a small ditch or brook, possibly not more than three or four feet wide, lengthening the size of the water-jump gradually, just as he increased the height of hurdle and fence. It is in this way that a timid horse will often be trained to take a 4ft. 10in. fence and an 8ft. water-jump, which, by the way, are the dimensions of Becher's Brook.

A. C. CURTIS.

THE ETIQUETTE OF MILITARY CORRESPONDENCE

FOR TERRITORIALS OF ALL RANKS.

"Dear Colonel," began a letter which I once found the commanding officer of a certain Territorial regiment studying with much amusement. It was addressed to him by a private in his own command.

Now "dear Colonel" is not the correct form of address for a private or for anyone else to use in an official letter to his commanding officer.

In the first place he should not write to the commanding officer direct at all. A regimental officer who wishes to make an application to his C.O. must do so through the adjutant. A N.C.O. or man can only apply to his company, squadron, or battery commander, who, if he thinks fit, will lay the matter before the C.O. of the unit.

The correct form of an official letter differs from that in use in private correspondence or in business. Even the size of paper to be used is laid down in the King's Regulations.

Official letters must be written on foolscap paper, a quarter of its width being left as a blank margin on the left. Memoranda or "memos," as communications of less importance are commonly called, may be written on paper of half foolscap size.

An official letter or memo should be headed as follows:

From Lieutenant X.Y.Z.
To the Adjutant, — Battn. — Regiment.
(Station) (Date)

Sir,—

The ending usually adopted is:

I have the honour to be, sir,
Your obedient servant,
X.Y.Z., Lieutenant,
— Battn. — Regiment.

A memo is headed in exactly the same way, but is less formal, the word "Sir" being omitted and the signature being added without any superscription, but, as always in official correspondence, with the rank and unit.

To be strictly correct, the subject of the letter or memo should be stated at the top left-hand corner in the margin, but this is frequently omitted.

Each subject must be treated in a separate letter, and private communications must not be enclosed with official letters.

Replies, remarks, or queries arising out of an original letter or memorandum are usually made in the form of "minutes," which are written on the original.

The first minute follows where the original ends, being marked "No. 2," while the original is marked "No. 1."

The paper is then returned to the sender, who, if necessary, returns it with a third minute, adding a fresh half-sheet if there is no more space on the original.

Thus a whole correspondence sometimes travels backwards and forwards, and no reference to copies is necessary.

Correspondence with civilians or individuals unconnected with the Army must be conducted in the ordinary manner, and not in minute form.

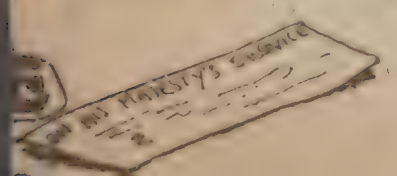
Correspondence for the Army Council or War Office should be addressed to the Secretary, War Office, S.W.

Confidential documents, under which heading are included reprimands as well as secret communications, are enclosed in two envelopes, of which the inner one is marked "Confidential" and the outer one bears the address only.

An envelope marked "Secret" or "Confidential" may be opened only by an officer.

If you don't know the official form, ask someone who does before you write.

R. WESTERHAM.



MY NOTEBOOK.

A PLEASANT VISIT.

The other day I had a letter from a man in the 18th Hussars, who happens to be a League member, informing me that he was coming up to London, and that he would like to visit me if I would allow him to do so. Of course, I wrote back saying that I should be only too happy to meet him.

The next I heard from him was a telephone message from the Union Jack Club, where he was staying. He said that he would be at my office in half-an-hour's time, and might he bring some of his friends with him? I told him to bring the whole squadron if he had a mind to do so.

In due course a message was brought in to me that half the British Army had arrived at my office. The report was grossly exaggerated, for a moment later there filed into my private room three of the 18th Hussars and one man of the Royal Field Artillery.

They spread themselves about my office, with the graceful sprawl adopted by all cavalrymen, when they sit down, and we chatted about things in general and examined my collection of readers' photographs for something approaching half-an-hour.

BADGES AND UNIFORM.

One of the Hussars explained to me how it was they got to know the R.F.A. man.

"I was in my blue serges," he said, "the other evening at the club, and he was in mufti too. We were both wearing our badges, so, of course, we introduced ourselves to each other.

"As you know, we can't wear badges when we are in uniform, but it struck me that you might get some miniature form of badge made up as a ring, for the soldier can wear a ring if he likes.

"Up in Manchester we spotted some members of THE MODERN MAN Club there. They took us to their club rooms, and they couldn't possibly have been kinder than they were, or more hospitable. We can spot League members, but when we are in uniform they can't spot us."

One of my other visitors pointed out that the badge in ring form would be so unnoticeable that no one would be likely to observe it.

Anyhow, I promised that I would lay the matter before my military readers, so that they could write to me, and let me know what they thought about it.

EDITORIAL STYLE—PAST AND PRESENT.

As I showed them safely off the premises and bade them good-bye, there arrived upon the scene a gentleman whose work in these pages has become very popular, and who at one time was himself the editor of an important publication.

"Times have indeed changed," he said, referring to my departing visitors. "In my day editors were absolutely unapproachable. But all that's past—here, at any rate—and I think your policy is entirely right."

I think so too; but it wasn't for reasons of policy that I saw these readers. It was simply because I enjoyed having a chat with them.

DISCOVERING CONTRIBUTORS.

While I am on the subject of my editorial work, I might as well say something about the way in which I find contributors.

Many, of course, are discovered simply by a chance manuscript which they may have sent to me for consideration in the usual way; but in other cases valuable contributors have been found in less conventional manner.

I shall shortly present to your notice contributions by one of the best-known sporting journalists in the country. He is a man who has been a war correspondent, a soldier, a big game shot, and other things.

He came to see me one afternoon, mentioned his experiences and the names of the books he has written and of the papers and magazines to which he contributes. What was more to the point, he handed over for my inspection an article which proved to be exactly the type of matter I wanted.

We thereupon arranged for several contributions from his pen, and when the business had been transacted he told me how he had come into contact with this paper.

"One morning," he said, "I happened to be looking out of the window when the milk-cart stopped at the gate. Instead of attending to his business, the milkman was busy turning over the leaves of a paper. As a writer, I was interested to know what sort of paper could thus arrest his attention, so I went out and asked him.

"'It's a very good paper, sir,' he said, 'and one that you ought to be writing for, for it's full of sport. I've only just bought this week's number, and I couldn't wait having a glance to see what I'm going to enjoy in the evening when I've finished work.'

"I bought a copy out of curiosity, and found that it was exactly the type of paper for which I had been looking for some time, because it seemed to me just the sort of publication in which I could say certain things that I wished to say, but which would not be suitable for any other periodical.

The milkman will doubtless read of the incident, and, if it is any satisfaction to him to know it, I feel much obliged to him for doing the paper a really good turn.

GOOD TURNS.

Talking of good turns, I may say at once that a good turn is worth a hundred compliments, and nothing makes more pleasant reading than the letter of an enthusiastic reader who tells me how many new buyers of the paper he has secured.

There is, by the way, a very big difference, from our point of view, between a reader and a buyer.

Men who would be ashamed to borrow other things, do not hesitate to borrow papers and to enjoy their contents without helping to pay for their enjoyment by paying the penny which the paper ought to have cost them.

The man who borrows papers always strikes me as being like the little boy who enters a circus performance by creeping under the flap of the tent instead of entering through the turn-stile. It is, perhaps, excusable in the case of a little boy, but it is rather mean in the case of a grown man.

THE CLOTH AND OURSELVES.

I have already mentioned that many clergymen of all denominations are readers of this paper, and I am proud of the fact, for the parson is usually a thorough good sort of man.

I was particularly pleased the other day to receive a letter from the Rev. [illegible] Farrar, vicar of All Saints', Woolwich, in which he requested my permission to reprint, in his "Parish Magazine," our recent article entitled "Why Men Drink."

Needless to say, I gave him my permission most willingly, and I shall be happy to do the same for any other clergyman who may desire to use the article for similar purposes.

Yours [illegible],

Westinghouse Building, Strand.

MORE LEAGUE MEMBERS.

... a further instalment of the list of members of ... Man League. We should be obliged if members ... and addresses have been inadvertently omitted, or ... get their address recently, would kindly inform us ... ible, in order that the roll may be kept up to date. ... form for membership, with full particulars of ... issued, will be found on page 24. A supplementary ... be published, giving the names and addresses of all new ... whose towns have already been dealt with.

... (continued).

... MBERS, 91, Stafford Street.
... PLIN, 82, St. Giles Street.
... OK, The Lodge, East Carleton.
... KLING, 33, Marion Road, Thorpe Hamlet.
... 20, Orford Place.
... St. Gi... et.
... ley House, Unthank Road.
... Orford Hill.
..., Langley Park.
..., 50, Pelham Road, St. Clement's Hill.
..., Hall Cottages, Hethersett.
... Head, Hethersett.
... Fisher's Lane, St. Giles Street.
... St. Julian's Street.
... Lower Hellesdon.
... Road.
... 15, Ashby Street, Queen's Road.
... Ashby Street, Queen's Road.
... The Gardens, Langley Park.
... e Workshop, Langley Park.
... Langley Park.
..., Gasworks, St. Martin's at Palace.
..., Langley Park.
... dwell Road.
... ardens, Langley Park.
... Malvern Road, Thorpe Hamlet.
... Street.
... amble Street.
... nchester Terrace.
... Street.
... ley Street, Wilford Crescent.
... Street.
... Street.
... Street.
... esley Street, Carrington.
... North Road.
... Bathley Street.
... Bathley Street.
... Road, Sherwood Rise.
... treet, Lenton.
... Road.
... Green.
... n Street.
... Street, New Basford.
... ion Road.
... ney Street, Trent Bridge.
... Gate.
... omonna, Beeston.
... ord Road, Meadows.
... Agnes Street.
... Mansfield Road.
... Alfred Street, South.
... Wilfred Grove.
... Street.
... Park Hill, Derby Road.
... hite Cottages, Old Basford.
... ronation Road.
... Street.
... Meadows.
... 7, Marlborough Street, Old Lenton.
... Street.
... Wilford Road.
... ead Street, Meadows.
... ruce Grove.
... Grove.
... wright Street.
... 122, Cremorne Street.
... Washington Terrace, Deering Street.
... Pegg Street, Meadows.
... Edward Avenue, Nuttall Road.
... Road, Cotom...
... Street.

(To be continued.)

POOR UNCLE.

"Uncle, how long does a man live?" asked the little boy.

"Well," said his uncle, "threescore years and ten is the allotted span."

"Then you'll live to be a hundred and forty, won't you, uncle?" asked the little boy.

"I shouldn't think so," replied his uncle. "What makes you think that?"

"Because mother said to father the other night that she felt certain you were leading a double life."

SNUBBED.

"That's a nice dog you've got," said the inquisitive person. "May I inquire how much it cost you?"

"Oh," said the owner of the dog, "I got him on tick. You see, he's a watch dog."

And the inquisitive person asked his next question of someone else.

REVENGE.

The churchwarden called at the house, and asked to see Mr. Smith.

"Excuse me," he said, "but yesterday you put a bad half-crown into the collection plate for the foreign missions. I thought I'd better tell you."

"No need to tell me," said Mr. Smith. "I did it purposely. It's getting a little of my own back out of the heathen. My uncle was a missionary, and they ate him."

THE SOURCE OF IRRITATION.

"Marmaduke!" she exclaimed. "What in the world has happened to my popsy-wopsy?"

He made no reply, but continued to writhe in agony, while his face turned purple.

"Let me share your trouble," she urged. "Tell me all about it, and ease your mind."

The man bent forward till his head nearly touched the ground, and from the back of his neck there trickled a collar-stud.

SHE KNEW.

"Mr. Fitzpatrick," lisped the little boy, "if you don't give me sixpence I'll tell how you kissed my sister Mary."

"But, my dear child," Mr. Fitzpatrick protested, "I've never kissed your sister, and don't intend to do so."

"Well, that's funny," said the little boy. "I wonder why she told me to say that to you."

THE DEFAULTER.

HOW DELINQUENT TOMMIES ARE PUNISHED.

Everyone is aware of the strict discipline enforced in the Army, and has heard of the comparatively severe punishments meted out to those who are guilty of the more serious offences, such as striking a superior officer, or desertion.

But for those men who commit only offences of a minor character, a system of punishment much more lenient is generally found sufficient to show the erring young recruit that he is expected to be of very good behaviour, and to persuade him to be so also.

A private soldier is marched up to his company officer charged with some offence, and if it be not of the more serious kind he himself disposes of the case, leaving the commanding officer of the regiment to deal with serious cases.

The company officer listens to the evidence, hears the man's defence, and, should he consider the offence proved, awards the offender so many days (two to seven) "confined to barracks" (or C.B. as it is termed), and until the allotted days C.B. have passed, the man is a defaulter, and is under no circumstances allowed to leave barracks, except when ordered to do so on duty.

Once every half-hour during the day the bugle call summons him to the guard-room, where the roll is called, and a case of absence means more days C.B. as further punishment.

Tommy in his witty moments terms this call "the angel's whisper," no doubt in gentle sarcasm, for a more vexacious and troublesome affair it would be hard to find.

Yet more is required of the unlucky defaulter.

The performance of any tiresome or dirty work, such as grasspicking, whitewashing, carrying coals, and cleaning falls to him.

The regimental provost sergeant, the man who has charge of the defaulters is, as a rule, a person of severe aspect and a biting tongue, and a man chosen for a natural aptitude for strictly enforcing discipline even among the more reckless characters.

The foolish defaulter who endeavours to "get under his eye" (shirk work) is soon convinced of the uselessness of his efforts, for a more wideawake man, and exacting, too, is seldom met with. He gives the lazy or unrepentent men a really rough time.

Only the hopeless characters figure more than once on the defaulters' roll, and this kind of man is very scarce nowadays in the Army.

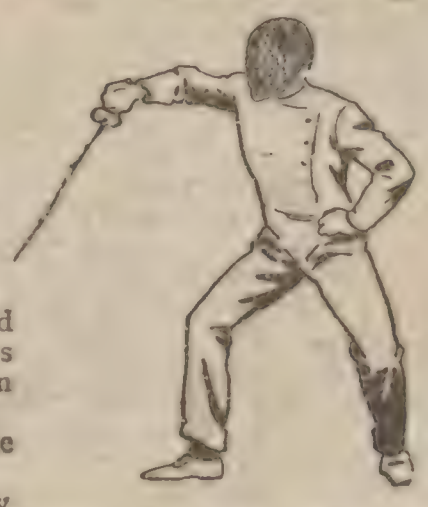
The system of giving C.B. men "pack drill" (marching in full equipment) has been abolished, and more useful work has taken its place.

O. M.

A Tobacco Discovery.
HILL'S
Nyasa
Smoking Mixture
Price 5d. per oz. Cartridges 5½d.
Nyasa Cigarettes, 10 for 3d.
Sole Makers, R. & J. HILL, 175a, Shoreditch, London, E
Obtainable at all Messrs. Finlay's Branches and Kiosks.

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by our
PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.



THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

It is hardly necessary for me to state that I am deeply interested in the proper development of the body. Very recently a very unfit specimen of manhood asked me why I indulged in Physical Culture.

This particular person was round-shouldered, pasty faced, had very bad teeth, and to my mind was unsavoury and repulsive.

Something in the man's manner roused my gall. Although such a puny miserable thing, he cocked up his head with all the assurance in the world, and asked, "Why?"

At the time I could not analyse my own feelings. I did not know exactly what I felt, but our subsequent conversation on the subject enlightened me.

This puny weakling considered himself a good representation of what a man should be, and he looked upon a man of my standard as some kind of a fanatic, a coarse, and probably brutal, strong man, possibly with an undeveloped brain.

This poor, pitiable object, announced with importance that "he was all right. His wife didn't ask for a better man, and were it not for the sickliness of his children, he had nothing to complain about."

WEAK CHILDREN.

"What exercise do you give your children?" I asked.

"Exercise? Why none," he said. "I never did any, and I'm all right. Why should they wear themselves out with exercises?"

"Have you ever tried to catch a moving 'bus that had got a hundred yards' start of you?" was my next question.

"Why, certainly not. I always wait for the next one. But I'm all right," he continued. "That last doctor I went to has given me a tonic that suits me better than the one I was getting from old So-and-So, although he attended my grandfather, and ought to understand us by now."

"So," said I, "you take tonics?"

"Doesn't everybody?" he asked.

"I have not swallowed a drug of any description for years," was my rejoinder.

"How do you get relief then from headaches, constipation, and indigestion? Tell me that," he rapped out.

"Why," I replied, "my physical culture prevents me from ever being troubled with such things."

SELF-SATISFIED.

I thought I had gauged the depths of the man's ignorance, and that I was going to open his eyes to the false doctrines that he and generations of his ancestors had been brought up to believe.

Instead, to my consternation, he came close to me, and, tapping his forehead, said: "Don't try to tell me anything of your Physical Culture business. You are one kind of man, I'm another. You work with your animal strength, I use my brain. I'm the greyhound, you're the mastiff. I'm the race-horse, you're the cart-horse."

My justifiable pride in a gloriously healthy body appeared to his weak and limited understanding to be childish.

This poor wretch had never known the real joys of living.

He had married, and had begot sickly children, who, if brought up according to his limited precepts, would, in their turn, probably help to people the world with human beings still more unfit than themselves.

There is my case in a nutshell.

This man is only one of a type numbering thousands. You will find him in every big office, warehouse, banking house, and other place of business.

He is a menace to the future generations, and there is only one way to fix him. Let all employers adopt the methods followed by certain of the best railway and steamship companies, who employ only men who are fit and who can pass successfully a thorough medical examination.

GOING TO SEED.

These race-horses and greyhounds (or slackers?) would soon give physical culture a trial, unless they preferred starvation.

There is another, though less dangerous, type of man. He is naturally fairly fit. A good constitution and healthy environment have brought him to the threshold of manhood sound in mind, wind, and limb.

As soon as he becomes his own master, the pursuit of pleasure or pence occupies his whole attention, and gradually he "goes to seed," and begins to feel unwell and unhappy.

The seediness shows itself in various symptoms, and as time goes on these become more aggravated, despite the fact that drugs are swallowed, and medical men visited. But drugs do not remove the *cause*.

The excuses made by these men are various. Some cannot afford to go to Marienbad to take a cure, others find an ocean trip too expensive, and so on. These excuses are futile and silly, though possibly given off as first-class humour.

IN HARMONY WITH NATURE.

There are many old people, whose years have extended well beyond the allotted span, who are hale and hearty, who have never been within fifty miles of a water curé, or of the sea; and they have lived lives just as industrious as the richest millionaire living, and have probably less on their conscience than some members of that most envied class.

But they have lived more in harmony with the laws of Nature—more, perhaps, from force of circumstances than anything else—but the lesson may be learned from them.

It is thus we learn many things from Nature—off the beaten track as it were—for she does not always write her truths upon the hilltops, nor blazon them across the summer sky.

You must live closer to Nature. Frugal living and discreet exercise will put you right and keep you well.

"Discreet exercise" does not necessitate the wholesale purchase of dumb-bells, chest-expanders, and the like. Nature knows nothing of these. Apparatus complicates the whole thing, tires a man, bothers a man, his chest expander rots, his dumb-bells roll under the bed out of reach, his punch-ball gets a puncture, and—"he can't be bothered." That's the only kind of exercise he knows anything about, and he drops it.

Perhaps it is well that he does, for this apparatus business tends to give him a few knots of dry muscle at the cost of hard work, and sap his energy; and, in any case, should any physical improvement have resulted, the temporary loss of his apparatus would mean loss of improvement.

The true way to get close to Nature lies in being master of yourself and of your own body.

CONTROLLING YOUR MUSCLES.

Control your muscles, commencing at those in the abdominal region. Then get the [illegible] supple. Loosen and stretch all your joints, and get your lungs full of fresh air.

Train yourself to make all your muscles jump and ripple at will, sending the blood coursing through them; and reserve for future action the energy that would have been wasted in manipulating the useless inventions of enterprising merchants, who probably, with my friend at the beginning of this article, would wait for the next 'bus.

As soon as you feel fit and energetic, go and shake the supercilious apathy out of some hypochondriac, for the sake of future generations.

HOW TO BE A SUCCESS ON THE VARIETY STAGE.

Some years ago I spent a small fortune producing a very classical act, which was duly presented to the public.

All agreed that it was delightful and perfect in every detail, and yet it was not received by the greater part of the audience.

Here was something complete, clean, perfect, yet how was it that so few enjoyed it? and why did the managers shrug their shoulders and say, "No use"?

What was to be done? At last, in desperation, I went to a certain manager, and who "oiled his palm," was favoured with the following information.

"Act too good," said he. "Let your [illegible] fall down now and then. Burn your fingers when lighting your cigar, catch your foot in that grandfather's clock, and precipitate your page-boy out of the fifth-storey window, and as a grand wind-up, produce a real Jack."

It took a bit of doing, but I managed a great slice of pride, put the dreams of art far behind, and sacrificed æsthetic pleasure upon the altar of modern requirements.

In short, I and my company obeyed, we tripped over everything that could possibly

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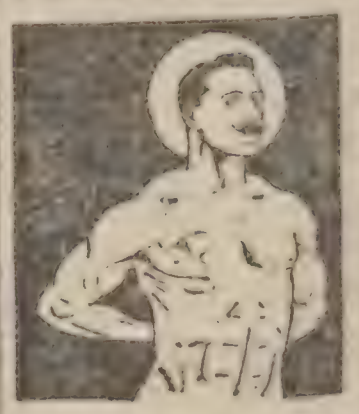
"THE USE AND ABUSE OF EXERCISE"

is the title of a booklet which ought to be in the hands of every "Modern Man"



"free movements"; more resistance is given to many movements than is possible by lifting the heaviest of weights.

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J. JACKSON ROBINSON, Physical Culture Specialist,
(Dept. M), **18, CHELTENHAM AVENUE, LIVERPOOL.**

...the remotest excuse for so doing. ...my fingers, and hammered my head ...the grandfather's clock, to the accom... ...a piece of wood, in the wings.

...assistants spared not the red paint in ...adornment of their noses, nor did we fail ...dash the page-boy out of the fifth-storey ...ow (on to a mattress two feet away) and ...him to atoms twice nightly; the flags ...produced and waved to the stirring ...of "Rule, Britannia."

...result was, to say the least, surprising. ...succession of shrieks convulsed a certain ...part of the house, whilst the less hysterical, ...and the more intellectual part of the audience, ...velled at the irrelevant and possibly inane ...with the plot of the act.

...ruining a beautiful thing with ...clowning," said a friend to me. ...can do you do it?"

...was to show him a fat bunch of ...and he understood.

...To get "shops," you must go with ...shouters.

DEBATING SECTION.

WHO IS THE STRONGEST MAN IN THE WORLD?

...fessor Klein writes: "Being interested in ...discussion, I wondered if my experience ...uld bring any light to bear upon the subject. ...g been in weight-lifting competitions all ...e Continent, I could not help noticing that ...ally strong man excelled at a double-handed ...d that a slighter built man excelled at a ...-handed lift.

...agree with one of your correspondents ...bent-press is more a sign of skill than ...; all men good at this lift can bring a ...weight overhead in a single-handed press ...hey do in the double-handed press.

...final test, in my opinion, would be two ...mely, double-hand press and jerk, total ...

...lifts require little or no science."

...writes: "I believe a double-handed ...to be the finest possible test of strength; ...the length of arm would make a difference, ...double-handed jerk would be the fairer test. ...ert any science being used, it should be ...compulsory for the feet to be kept ...ary.

...lift would constitute an all-round test for ...ess, trunk, back, shoulders, and arms, ...eas in the press less leg strength would be ...eded."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. H. (Boro').—At your age smoking is harmful ...ough it may not actually prevent your ...ng, it will certainly not improve you in any ...y. In any case, ten cigarettes per day are too ...

R. F. (Chatham).—To supple the fingers for ...no playing, immerse the hand in water as hot ...you can bear and keep it there for some ...utes. To gain independence, place the tips of ...ternate fingers upon the edge of the table and ...s downward. Change to other alternate ...ers, and repeat. Stretch the fingers apart to ...ridge.

G. S. (Liverpool).—The exact cause of scurvy ...butus) is unknown. Now that you are con...ent, stick to a diet of vegetables, fresh milk, ...and fruits in plenty should be taken, ...ercise; most necessary. Fresh air, very important.

L. G. (London).—The blood flow is slower in ...than in the arteries. Continued stagna... ...the veins to lose their elasticity. ...are the result of dilation, but can be prevented if the parts showing a tendency to distention be bathed in cold water at the conclusion of exercise.

"SEMILUNAR."—The continuance of the blackheads, in spite of all precautions, points to destruction of the sebaceous glands, which would also account for the blotches. Benzine will soften the plugs and facilitate their removal, which should be accomplished with a watch-key. Soap containing sulphur and tar should be used.

F. L. (St. Helens).—You ought to consult a medical man. Do not understand your case well enough to advise.

J. P.—There is no reason why you should not weigh over eleven stone at nineteen years of age. Of course if you are inclined to be fat, that is a different thing. In that case, take the advice given in the article on skipping in previous issue. Avoid starchy food and drinking with meals. Thanks for recommendation.

"CLONES."—Use a dusting powder for the feet instead of the fluid. The latter is responsible for the excessive dryness and irritation. Soap the inside of your socks before starting on a long walk.

"ANXIOUS" (Bradford).—Many of the exercises which have been described in the paper would be useful to you; but in such cases as yours it is always advisable to consult a doctor before taking up any form of physical culture.

T. D. G. (Gateshead).—We published an article on how to increase the height in our number dated June 3. We advise you to refer to this, as you will get much useful information from it.

MAXICK

the only man in the world who has ever lifted double his own weight, and two stone on top, above head, modestly submits the following facts to "M.M." readers.

The Secrets

MIND-CONTROL.

MUSCLE-CONTROL.

SIMPLE DIET.

LESS SLEEP.

NO APPARATUS.

NO FADDISM.

NO NONSENSE.

NO DUPLICATED LETTERS.

NO FOLLOWING UP.

On Saturday, July 8th, our pupil Soguel defeated Carquest (Inch pupil) in a contest for the 9st 7lb Championship of the World. It is a remarkable performance, inasmuch as Soguel is 10st 7lb normal weight, and we reduced his weight from 10st 4lb to 9st 6lb in three weeks.

MY pupil **BROOM**, of Hull, **SWEPT THE** junior **BOARD CLEAN** with a bent press of 209½lbs.

MY PARTNER Saldo **CREATED** two **BRITISH** heavy-weight **RECORDS WITHOUT TRAINING**, although only weighing 10st. 7lb.

MY PUPIL WUHR HAS performed **THE MOST MARVELLOUS** feat of lifting more than twice his own **BODY** weight above head.

On **JUNE 3rd OUR** efforts of training Aston against Inch were duly rewarded. The result is already known, although nobody but eye-witnesses can ever realise the magnificent condition that Aston was trained to that **NIGHT**. The total of 1,215lb. was 7½ times Aston's own weight. We mention this fact to bring to your notice the real merit of the performance, which was with**OUT** doubt marvellous.

The **GREAT** advance in the science of physical culture really dates from Maxick's first performance in England, when he electrified the world by the performance of feats of **STRENGTH** and muscle-control that until then had not been imagined **POSSIBLE**.

MAXICK'S pupils are gradually taking the field, and you may look out for **SURPRISES** in the near future.

If you are not satisfied with your present Physical Condition, and are in need of Sound Individual Tuition by Practical Men, we will give our opinion on your case, FREE OF CHARGE, if you will only write us.

DON'T put it off any longer, nor **BE AFRAID** that you are going to receive an elaborate assortment of waste-paper and picture books, in the form of follow-ups"; **THE** lowness of our fee does not admit of any **EXPENSE** of that description being indulged in, **BECAUSE WE** must **STUDY** your case individually to treat successfully. Instalments arranged to suit **YOUR CONVENIENCE.**

Send 1s. 1½d. for Maxick's Great Book, "**HOW TO BECOME A GREAT ATHLETE.**" Thousands are now in the hands of Physical Culturists the world over. It is described by all as **UNIQUE.**

If desired we will send upon receipt of a postcard, free and post free, our booklet, "**THE LAST WORD IN PHYSICAL CULTURE,**" which describes our system.

DO NOT FORGET that we guarantee individual tuition under **THE** forfeit of **£100.**

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All ye who long for the blessings of Wealth,
Come first with us through the fields of health,
To sickness we throw down the gage,
Making you live to a good old age.
"Too old at Forty" has been the cry,
Ward off this danger of "Bye and Bye."
Follow our pupils who march before,
Triumphant with their healthful store.
With us you won't want much to eat,
But what you take will be doubly sweet.

If with us you work, less sleep you'll ask,
Giving more time to the arduous task.
Less wear on your stomach, lungs and brain,
Our Pupils snap their fingers at Pain.
So! throw your drugs and pills away,
Come to us for your health without delay.
A TOP NOTCHER we'll make you to face the strife,
With abundant energy, fill up your life.
"Too old at Forty," a ludicrous fate!!!
Leave *that* to us, but don't leave it TOO LATE!!!

The Art of Motor-Driving

MORE IS NEEDED THAN MERE MECHANICAL KNOWLEDGE.

So great has been the demand for qualified drivers that certain motor companies, having failed to obtain a sufficient number, are actually going to the expense of imparting all the necessary training to suitable young men.

Any man with average intelligence and a taste for mechanics can be taught the uses of the various parts of a motor, and can acquire the amount of skill necessary to pass the police tests as a driver of a public vehicle, but the number of men who can be described as really good drivers is small indeed.

That is why the wages paid to some chauffeurs in private service are better than the income of many a professional man. Thoroughly good drivers are so scarce that they can command a high price.

It is with the view to showing the fairly good or the indifferent driver how to become a master of his art that I give these hints.

SAVING THE ENGINE.

I take for granted that he has acquired the technical knowledge which can only be learned in a practical way.

The first thing to which he must give his attention is to save his engine as a good horseman saves his horse.

Nothing is more trying to the ears of a skilled motorist than the jarring crunch of clumsily changed gears, and the driver should make it one of his first duties to acquire the knack of changing gear with the least possible wear and tear upon his engine.

It is largely because this is so much neglected that one finds motor-'buses so frequently at a stand-still, wasting the time of the men in charge and wasting the capital of the company owning them.

Under-lubrication is another fault which makes itself known by creaking. The sound is an evidence of unnecessary friction, and that friction is shortening the life of the engine. Over-lubrication is almost as bad. The skilful driver studies the needs of his machine and lubricates it sufficiently and no more.

THE SPEED INSTINCT.

The expert driver must also develop what may be described as a sort of speed instinct.

He must be able to judge, not only distance, but also the time that it will take him to cover that distance, so that he may pull up at any exact spot without having to slow down far in advance of it.

He must also acquire a sense of direction, or develop that which he already possesses.

Motor maps are clear and well printed, but more than common sense is required in using them. The driver must make himself familiar with maps on different scales, and must be able to tell roughly at a glance how many miles it is from one point to another according to the map.

He must also keep his eyes wide open for sign-posts, and he must acquire the knack of reading these without slowing down.

Nothing looks worse than for a motorist continually to have to ask the way, and a man who pays a chauffeur a high price has the right to expect that that chauffeur shall be able to pick his route without hesitation.

Consideration for the people riding in the car is one of the merits of the good driver. He avoids turning corners rapidly if there are ladies in the car, and he is careful not to stop or to start with a jerk.

He is also of necessity considerate of other users of the road, for if he is not, he will, in the course of time, involve his employer in expense or in an interview with the police.

A SAFE PLAN.

The best policy for any motor driver is to believe that the other man will inevitably do the wrong thing, and to prepare for such a contingency. If motorists kept this in their minds there would be fewer collisions than are now recorded.

The chauffeur who wants to earn as much as possible will get into private service, and when he obtains such a post he must remember that he is not only an engineer but also a gentleman's servant, and his master has a right to expect that he should behave as such.

Many a chauffeur has lost a good job through not realising this fact, and supposing that by truculence and lack of courtesy he will differentiate his position from that of the other men-servants employed.

The chauffeur need not be servile but he must be courteous, and he should make a point of pride in being tidy in his person and generally smart in appearance.

PROFIT—LEGITIMATE AND OTHERWISE.

The man who understands a car and who acquires these gifts has a very profitable career before him.

As soon as a driver is in a good position, he will be approached by unscrupulous firms with offers of substantial commission on all supplies purchased from them by his master.

He is a fool if he adds to his income in this way, for it leaks out sooner or later, and he loses a job worth pounds for the sake of a few shillings.

The offer may be tempting, but it is not honest.

J. Murray.

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Contains 3,260 Illustrations. 7,050 articles at **ROCK BOTTOM WHOLESALE PRICES.** Cheapest Firm in Britain for Cycles, Tyres, Repairs. We guarantee to save you 25 per cent.

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Brakes, **1/-**; Chains, **1/5**; Carriers, **-/6**; Silver-Plating Powder, **-/6**; Free Wheels, **1/-**; Handle Bars, **1/11**; Gear Cases, **1/10**; Pedals, **1/4**; Spanners, **-/3**; Lamps, **1/1**; Saddles, **2/1**; Tyres, **2/9**; Puncture-proof Bands, **1/2**; Cycles with Two Brakes and Free Wheels, Lined in Two Colours, and Guaranteed Three Years, **£3 12s. 6d.**; Watches, **2/6**; Clocks, **1/10**; Safety Razors, **-/6.**

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Royal Winchester Cycle Works,
PADIHAM, LANCS.

EARLY RISING.

SOME COMMON-SENSIBLE VIEWS.

If I like getting up early, I [illegible] not one of those annoying idiots who [illegible] they believe in an exclusive diet of [illegible] nuts, or have other peculiar [illegible] whole world to fall into line with [illegible]

I rise early because it suits me. If [illegible] didn't, I should lie abed.

Some men are at their best and [illegible] and capable of doing their best [illegible] at night.

The late Sir W. S. Gilbert, for [illegible] usually sat down to his work about [illegible] p.m. To such men early rising would [illegible] bably do far more harm than good, for [illegible] would leave them dull, tired, and sluggish [illegible] the whole day.

Other men habitually wake early, and [illegible] ready to get up at once, and if they don't [illegible] suffer.

Only the other day I ran against a friend who is a famous artist. "Ugh," he said, "I am feeling rotten. My own fault. I didn't get up when I woke this morning, and it always upsets me for the whole day if I don't."

My first point, then, is that the man who rises early as a matter of principle is [illegible] making a big mistake.

Another class of man rises early for the purpose of taking exercise. He believes that there is some especial virtue in exercise before breakfast, and in a measure he is right. But everything depends on the nature and amount of exercise taken.

Hard, prolonged exercise before breakfast is far more likely to shorten life than to lengthen it.

At one time the unfortunate boxer or athlete in training was made to run and walk seven or ten miles before breakfast, and then set down to eat a huge meal, which, owing to his tired condition, he could not possibly digest.

But most athletes are wiser nowadays and recognise that a little *gentle* exercise is all that is necessary before breakfast.

I remember Frank Craig, the "Ice Cooler" of pugilistic fame, telling me that his recipe for keeping fit at all times, whether in training or not, was half an hour's walk before breakfast, *whatever* the weather—an important point.

Most men overdo early morning exercise. My house overlooks a public common on which golf is permitted up to 8 a.m. As an early bird I see business men, stockbrokers and the like, arriving on the common at 7.30, after six and playing steadily till the start of eight.

Then they rush home, tub, eat a hurried breakfast, and bolt into the City.

I admit that I sometimes turn out on the common and have a couple of hours' golf before breakfast, but only when I have arranged to take a holiday, to have a very easy day of it, for I have found from experience that after eighteen holes before breakfast one is not fit for a strenuous day.

And on these occasions I allow at least an hour to elapse between my return and breakfast, so that my nerves and digestive powers have time to recover.

At this time of year thousands of men go bathing before breakfast, but the bulk of medical opinion is against the practice.

The best time for sea-bathing is two hours after breakfast.

On no account should early morning exercise be taken on an empty stomach, or on a liquid only, such as a cup of tea. Eat something solid, if it is only a biscuit.

On the other hand, don't make your breakfast into a heavy meal of hard-boiled eggs and so on.

E. Gra[illegible]

THE PLEASURES OF HIGGINS.

A CHARACTER STUDY OF A (FORTUNATELY) UNUSUAL TYPE.

... takes his pleasures sadly—thereby ... himself a true Briton.
... never knew anyone who was so well able ... invest a joyous occasion with an air of ... as Higgins.
... member his sister's wedding.
... only by looking at the bride that one ... that it was a marriage feast and not a ... banquet.
... gins's jokes were as depressing as the ... of a mute, and I believe that the only ... who enjoyed that entertainment was ... Higgins himself.
... always takes in "Old Moore's ... and the more ghastly the hiero- ... and the more dismal the forebodings, ... Old Moore's ... very great this year," he ... gleefully. "Plenty of disasters and ...
... taking a great deal of ... stars ... and doing a little himself ... and dire prophecies.
... a bad sort of chap, apart from ... pictures, but on holidays and high days ... a blight.
... Higgins and I broke the ice (I ... our first meeting, of course), he told ... a burst of confidence that whenever ... sad I could always liven him up by ... thing depressing.
... the other day.
... I said, "do you feel blue?— ... wants you."
... own prescription made up ... for the Governor reduced ...
... boy played off a practical joke ... before last on him, Higgins's par- ... for funerals being well known to that ... chief.
... please, Mr. Higgins, would you ... a funeral in number nine court?" ... house abuts on a slum.)
... allowed the bait like the silly ... he is, and off he went.
... was not a sign of coming burial ... got into the evil-smelling precincts ... unsavoury court. He thought he had ... the time of the fixture when some- ... him violently in the chest and nearly ... him over. (Higgins is a small man.)
... a dead cat!
... boasts on occasions that he has ... every funeral of note from Queen ... downwards—but never, no never, ... to that of the slum cat.
... the sight of the funeral baked ... more enjoyable than a Lord ...
... to cure Higgins of his love ...
... shut up in a dissecting theatre, ... a church on the eve of All Souls', ... in a haunted guest-chamber, but ... purpose. He is as great a lover ... horrible as the famous George Selwyn. ... favourite walk is in a cemetery and ... hobby the collecting of epitaphs. ... last time I saw Higgins he was ... from a great disappointment. He ... our office some months before as his ... bequeathed a small estate to him.
... I said.
... shook his head.
... the matter?" I asked.
... told me all.
... by the terms of his uncle's ... his estate and it was situated ... part of England, where a ... occurs like a comet, once in a ... years.
... Higgins, he never smiles now.

S. SMITH.

LET "HYOMEI" CURE YOUR CATARRH.

WORLD-FAMOUS MAN'S OFFER TO ALL SUFFERERS FROM BREATHING TROUBLES.

How you may obtain immediate relief and ultimate cure for Catarrh, Cold in the Head, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Influenza, Catarrhal Deafness, Consumption, etc., etc.

Mr. R. T. Booth, who issues the following announcement, is the world famous temperance orator, who some years ago, in co-operation with such friends and co-workers as the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Rev. F. B. Meyer, and the late Rev. Newman Hall, Archdeacon Wilberforce, Lord Mount Temple, and others, founded the Blue Ribbon Army, which ultimately led a million to temperance. This glorious work was cut short by acute catarrh and threatened consumption, which sent him, by the order of the late Sir Andrew Clark, health-seeking to Australia. There he made his great discovery of Hyomei (pronounced Hi-o-me), which not only cured him, but has since cured multitudes of other sufferers. Hyomei is an inhalant which, being a powerful germ-killer, cures by just breathing it.

Mr. R. T. Booth's words to sufferers are: I want you to try the remedy that cured me. Twenty-five years ago, as many of you know, I was stricken with Catarrh in so malignant a form that my life was despaired of. Sir Andrew Clark, the late Mr. W. E. Gladstone's physician, advised me to make a journey to Australia, where it was hoped that the warmer climate would bring me relief. In that country I found a cure. That was twenty-five years ago, and to-day I have no signs of breathing troubles despite my age.

The remedy I discovered I named Hyomei (pronounced Hi-o-me), and I want every sufferer from breathing troubles to give it a trial. That they may do so, I have put the price within the reach of all. I implicitly believe in my remedy, and that is why I am so insistent in asking you to try it. I would not attach my name to anything unless I firmly believed that it would accomplish all that I claim for it. So great is my faith in Hyomei, moreover, that I guarantee to return your money if it does not benefit you. (See Coupon below.)

R. T. BOOTH

(Temperance Advocate, Social Reformer, Health Expert, Founder of the Blue Ribbon Army, and Discoverer of Hyomei).

If your nose is stopped up.	If you have head noises.
If you have headaches.	If your throat is dry.
If your voice is dull or harsh.	If you are tired on rising.
If your eyes often water.	If you have a short, hacking cough.
If you sleep with your mouth open.	If you have much discharge from the nose.
If crusts form in the nose.	If your sense of smell is affected.
If you catch cold easily.	If mucus drops into your throat.
If your hearing is affected.	

If, in fact, you have one or more of the above symptoms, then there is something wrong with your breathing organs, and it is now that you should get your cure, before the trouble gets worse.

CATARRH LEADS TO CONSUMPTION.

Catarrh not only impoverishes the system, lowers the vitality, poisons the stomach, and weakens the mind, but it renders the sufferer irritable, despondent, careless, dull and thoughtless, and in nine cases out of ten, if neglected, it leads to consumption, that dread disease which takes off thousands every year.

PRAISE FROM OTHERS.

Not only am I myself convinced as to the undoubted superiority and efficacy of Hyomei, but thousands of users in this country have written me within the last two years testifying in no uncertain tones of the remarkable effect that my remedy has had in their cases. Their experience may be yours, but do not be misled by the specious advertisements of people who will apparently say anything and make any claims, however wildly absurd, to sell their nostrums.

Remember, no cough mixture, no lozenge, no drops, indeed, no medicine taken into the stomach ever did or ever will cure or even relieve nasal or throat catarrh, influenza, bronchitis, or lung trouble. These troubles, threatened my life, and drove me to Australia seeking my cure. I found it there, and called it Hyomei (pronounced Hi-o-me). It cured me twenty-five years ago, to stay cured ever since, and it can cure you. I guarantee this, or return your money. (See Coupon below.)

My Hyomei cures you for the same reason that it cured me. I have so devised the Hyomei Treatment that it gives you in your own homes dried, clean air, filtered and impregnated with cleansing and healing balms, exactly as you would get it and breathe it if you were living as I did in Australia. That is the fact about the Hyomei Treatment: it gives you the healing Australian air in your own homes. Whether your trouble is in the Head (Nose), with all the horrors of foul and dropping mucus; in the Throat, with constant hacking, soreness, phlegm, and coughing; or in the Lungs, with congestion and constant threat of Consumption, there is not in the world a treatment—at any price, let alone at the low price at which I offer you the Hyomei Treatment—that should be mentioned in the same world as the Hyomei treatment for the relief and cure of the above troubles. R. T. BOOTH.

The Hyomei Outfit for giving Mr. Booth's treatment contains an inhaler with supply of antiseptic gauze, a bottle of the inhalant "Hyomei," and directions how to use it for Nasal and Throat Catarrh, Head Cold, as well as for such other troubles as Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Bronchitis, Asthma, Wheezing, Difficult Breathing, Tonsillitis, Whooping Cough, Croup, Catarrhal Deafness, Laryngitis, Consumption, Hay Fever, Throat Troubles, including, in fact, all respiratory troubles, and the price of the complete Hyomei Outfit, to place it within the reach of all, is 2s. 6d. complete.

A copy of the Booklet giving the account of Mr. Booth's discovery will be sent free to all who send for it, but all sufferers are advised to lose no time, but post at once coupon below, with P.O. or stamps, for a complete Hyomei Outfit, seeing that delay in starting to cure such troubles is dangerous.

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M.M. 25/8/11

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BUSINESS BUSINESS!

BUSINESS CHAOS AT HOME.

A WORD TO YOUNG HOUSEHOLDERS.

It is a theory of astounding [illegible] that all ideas of business [illegible] conduct of their [illegible]. Of course, a man [illegible] knows about him [illegible] to conduct [illegible] himself. He [illegible] and reduce it to [illegible] and himself to [illegible]; but he pays for all [illegible] done in the house, and [illegible] has some right to know [illegible] what he pays is being [illegible] distributed with some sort of [illegible] system and with the idea of [illegible] reasonable economy always in [illegible] view on the part of those who spend it on his [illegible] behalf.

Somehow or other men are notoriously slack in [illegible] respect. For many a wrecked household—[illegible]ally wrecked, that is—the man is most to [illegible]

[illegible] may be a hard worker and a careful man, [illegible] may not have insisted that his house, [illegible] his own money is spent, shall be as care[illegible]ully as his business, where his master's [illegible]ney is being spent.

The mischief in many a house begins on the [illegible] the young couple return from the honey[illegible]. The bride is full of pride in being [illegible] a house or flat, and she naturally [illegible] to run everything to perfection.

[illegible] has some excuse, but not [illegible] setting to call his young bride to a [illegible] too sensitive to insist upon rule and [illegible] the outset.

[illegible] the consequence? It usually happens that [illegible] accumulate. The husband pours out a few [illegible] now and then, just when they are wanted, [illegible] the wife only asks for it when a tradesman [illegible] for that "settlement" which will "greatly [illegible]

[illegible] and the wife too, quickly get a [illegible] tradesmen are the most delightful and [illegible] beings who only want occasional [illegible]

[illegible] should have gone to the payment [illegible] every week (or even every day, for this is a [illegible] way still), is frittered away on those ever-[illegible] things known as "current expenses."

[illegible] the time comes when a quarter's rent is [illegible] landlord makes a second demand, [illegible] and the reminder comes in by every [illegible] post, and the tradesmen all seem to have [illegible] to send in their bills at once.

[illegible] is the time of crisis.

The young husband sits down one evening [illegible] has persuaded his wife to go to bed and [illegible] down the sums he has received in salary [illegible] he married.

He discovers, to his horror, that in the first [illegible] of his wedded bliss he has received [illegible] pay, and that there was an extra £2 as [illegible] work during that specially heavy time of [illegible] when he worked earlier and later than [illegible] for a fortnight.

But where has it all gone to? He can recollect [illegible] payments here and there, and there has [illegible] been a lack of ready cash for necessary current [illegible] unavoidable expenses.

[illegible] making provision for the half-dozen [illegible] expenses that he and she must [illegible] are inevitably accumulating—not a [illegible] to them.

The young householder has a nest-egg on which for this emergency he can draw, all may yet be well. If not, he has begun a long life of worry and misery with a constant and wearing effort to satisfy six tradesmen and a landlord with a sum of money that will hardly pay off one of them completely.

This rude awakening to the urgent necessity of making practical business arrangements where household money matters are concerned may, on the other hand, be the saving of this typical household.

The problem should be solved at a round-table conference. Every farthing of necessary expenditure should be reckoned up, and a sum regularly delivered by the husband to the wife once a week to meet it.

Beyond this neither of them should go. Their house should be conducted according to their means and not according to the long-suffering indulgence of the tradesmen.

There are many other sides to this problem, but they are too intricate to be dealt with briefly.

There is, for instance, the unpleasantness for the wife or sister or other housekeeper of having to ask for every penny for general use or for her own private dress and other needs.

There is the duty of the husband to see that some sort of provision is made, of a prudent kind, against possible contingencies, pleasant enough in themselves, but requiring forethought and careful financial provision.

These and a hundred other aspects of family life should be sufficient to rouse the unbusiness-like household to a sense of its peril.

G. EDWARDS.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

THE GENERAL OUTLOOK.

Financial matters in the City have, in my opinion, seen their worst, and after this slack holiday month is over I look for an improvement all round.

Meanwhile, investors with money to spare need not hesitate to buy their favourite shares.

AMERICANS.

Prices in this section have had a decided set-back, and this, in my opinion, is the only market in the Stock Exchange where a purchase is not advisable at present.

HOME RAILS.

Strikes and rumours of strikes are affecting this market adversely; but there is every reason to hope that arbitration will prevent any serious out-break.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL RAILS.

The Mexican Railway Co. ought to be able to pay 2¼ per cent. for the half-year ending June 30 on the Ordinary stock, which is a very good return on the present price of about 46. The Six per cent. Second Preference are equally cheap at 86.

Trunk stocks have shown no change during the week under review, although the traffic returns are good, and quite equal to the most optimistic forecasts.

RUBBERS.

The trend of prices in this market is still under the influence of tired and impatient "bulls," who, as usual, have chosen almost the worst possible moment to close their commitments; this liquidation must now be nearly finished, and a purchase of shares in some of the smaller capitalised companies at the rubbish prices now ruling, combined with a moderate amount of patience, cannot, I think, fail to turn out to the investor's advantage.

MINES.

These are still out of favour, and a moderate amount of selling or any adverse rumour has a great effect on the market. As a return of public confidence to this department seems almost as far off as ever, I do not see my way to recommending purchases at present.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"PAGE" (Corsham). — The documents you forward are quite in order.

O. G. (Leeds).—Keep A, B, C, and E for better prices; sell D at best price obtainable.

D. S. (Croydon).—I understand the issue was but poorly subscribed; there is certainly no premium on the shares.

"KING" (Hatfield).—I do not advise the exchange. Your present holding is thoroughly sound, whereas the suggested purchase is very speculative.

T. N. (Cork).—Certainly not; in my opinion future results will more than repay you for a temporary loss of interest.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

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MEN AND TOYS

AN INSTINCT THAT SHOULD NOT BE CURBED.

Delight in toys is an emotion that lasts throughout life with a very large number of men.

Those who are able to gratify this taste, or this appetite as it may well be called, are comparatively few, but there is in most men a deep-down keenness for anything with wheels or wings or cylinders.

Probably it is the remains of our originally savage condition, when a round stone rolling along a flat stretch of seashore gave us as much pleasure as an elaborate model of a Great Western express engine gives us to-day.

It seems hardly to matter at all what kind of toy a man gets hold of so it be fairly complicated, and so long as it will imitate the larger "toys" that actually do the work of the world.

PIONEERS OF INVENTION

The real toy-lovers are the pioneers of to-day. The man who will take his seat in an aeroplane and thrill with enthusiasm as he pulls a lever that works a plane or starts an engine is the twentieth century expression of the love of toys.

The motor-cycle and the motor-car have also ministered to man's delight in toys. The pleasure of taking the thing to pieces and putting it together again, of seeing that all the parts are running well and truly, and that each part responds to a touch of the handle, the lever, or the wheel, is all part of the original delight of a child in a toy.

One of the motorist's delights is to "make it go fast," and fines for broken speed limits tell an eloquent tale of the triumph of childlike instinct for experiment.

Often it is the successful man of the world who is the keenest on toys. He is largely successful because he has this interest. He makes the complicated affairs of business to yield him their secrets. He knows how, in short, "to pull the strings," and all life's involved and revolving wheels within wheels turn at his bidding and deliver their products into his hands.

WORKING HOURS AND LEISURE.

Business is a toy to him, and every spring and screw and cylinder has its purpose.

And when real business is over he will take to a more concrete form of toy.

Immense amusement can be got out of the simplest and cheapest toys. The vertical engine with the minimum of "works"—just a boiler, a pipe, and a cylinder with a piston rod—can give all the pleasure to a toy-loving mind that the most complicated and expensive devices could yield.

One of the subtler pleasures to be [illegible] from toys is the sense of sympathy [illegible] is established between a toy and its [illegible]

To many men it is a pain to look on while a well-meaning friend [illegible] the handle in *his* way instead of in *your* way.

Your way is the right way, you [illegible] and like a child you hasten to tell him [illegible] it ought to be done.

Round about London, on Sunday [illegible] one may see this toy-spirit at work [illegible] bearded men. They gather at ponds in [illegible] and race yachts or steam or electric launches against each other, watching the performances of their toys with absorbed [illegible]

Even a homely kite will give a man [illegible] of enjoyment.

FATHER AND SON.

A man brings to his toys a far [illegible] capacity for getting the best out of [illegible] than any child. One is reminded of a [illegible] picture where the child's toy was [illegible] priated by the father and the little [illegible] appealed in vain to have it "just for a little bit."

When, therefore, you feel tempted to [illegible] before the street hawker who has [illegible] penny toy, you need have no qualms [illegible] whether your conduct seems childish [illegible] light in toys is far too deeply [illegible] in man's nature to be eradicated by [illegible] convention. It is no new effort of [illegible] tion, it betokens no onset of [illegible] the brain, but is an effort of the [illegible] to let itself go and to revolt [illegible] levelling effects of too much routine.

And if you can carry the same [illegible] of mind into your business, you will [illegible] the high road to fortune. For the [illegible] of life is a huge toy in which, unhappily, one so often touches the wrong lever.

WILL H. BARCLAY

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THE MARVELLOUS HAIR GROWER.

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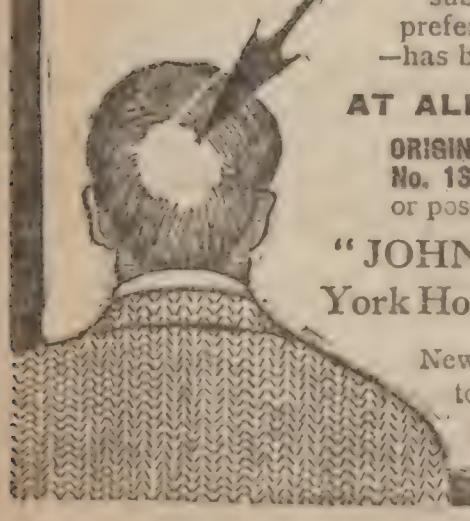
Invented and placed on sale by the author of "BOOTLES' BABY."

It checks approaching baldness, gives new life to falling hair, and quickly induces new growth.

This is the famous formula thought out by Mrs. Stannard ("John Strange Winter") when at 44 she became nearly bald. By its use she obtained, and retains, a magnificent head of hair. Since she placed her rich Food on sale under her own control it has grown hair for thousands.

"No. 1315"—an elegant preparation subsequently thought out for those who prefer an absolutely Non-oily Hair Food—has been no less successful.



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SCOTTISH SHORT STORY.

RICHARD SELBY'S HELP

By ADAM STERN.

"If there's any man in Moulden as can give advice, it's Richard Selby," said Ephraim Prescott, breaking the long silence and looking at his three companions who were gathered in his office.

They were elderly and hard-headed business men like himself, and the four owned between them the principal nail-making works in the town of Moulden, Staffordshire.

From the glum expression on their faces it was easy to be read that they were deriving little satisfaction from the subject under discussion.

"Question is, will he?" inquired E. H. Croft dubiously. "You'd hardly call him an advice-giving sort."

"He's as quick with his deeds as he's slow with his words," said Tom Parkes.

"And you won't find a harder worked man in the Country," added Croft. "Can't think to want to be bothered with our

"He needn't be bothered for more'n ten minutes," replied Prescott. "What he could help us with and what we're in need of—is an opinion; the fair, unbiassed judgment of a far-seeing man o' business. I'm willing to put the whole darned problem before him and ask his advice as to what *he'd* do in like conditions. And us that know him, and know what he's had to face in his own chain-making days, can rely on what he says as worth following, even if we ain't able to act upon it."

"Right enough," assented the others gruffly.

"Then I'll go round at once," said Ephraim Prescott, getting to his feet. "There's no sense of his refusing to listen. Full up as he always is with his own affairs, he's always got time to take an interest in other folks'."

"There's nobody with less 'side' and reason for showing it," said E. H. Croft, with a sense of fairness due probably to the expectation of favours to come.

"Right you are, anyhow," acquiesced Tom Parkes. "Tell him everything—better show him samples with you—and we'll meet you again after dinner and hear what he has had to say. He won't want us all round him, crowding up his office. Good-mornin'."

With true Black Country absence of ceremony, he took his leave.

Richard Selby was in his office, along with his secretary, Graill, when Ephraim Prescott was announced in. The big, unassuming, service-worn room was in keeping with the character of the man who occupied it.

"How are you?" said Richard, rising briskly and shaking hands. "Sit down. Not here to buy chain," said Prescott, by way of explanation. "I want your advice, if it's worth anything cheap," said Richard. "And I'll tell you about what it costs."

Prescott sat again and leaned back, and the other man plunged straightway into essentials.

"There's a chap up in Boddawell, near Bilston," he said, "has invented a machine for turning out wrought-iron nails at prices that us down here can touch, nor anywhere near it. It makes 'em at about ten per cent. less than we can, and the finish is every bit as superior, if it ain't in many ways superior."

"Well, we've heard o' these here wonderful machines before, and never been much upset by 'em, 'cause they usually peters out to be worth very particular. But this one's different. I've seen it for meself."

"When?" asked Richard.

"Last week. I went up to Boddawell on purpose. The agents and travellers had been there, they couldn't get an order nohow; and they found out the reason why—there's been no secret over the invention since it's been an accomplished fact—I had a talk with t'others in the trade, and we decided that, afore anything could be done, we must get the news corroborated.

"So I went up, as I say, and saw the inventor—a little sandy-whiskered, excitable chap named Pegson, who's got a tidy-sized works there, and raised no objection to showing me the machine. He's that proud of it, in fact, there's no stopping him talking about it. Not that I wanted to, for the more he talked, the more I learned, which is generally the case; and what he let out left no mistake that this time something serious has been done for us.

"It isn't *drawn* nails that he makes, mark you, but *wrought;* and he could undersell us by twenty-five per cent. if he'd a mind to. Of course, I bluffed that machine-made nails were nowhere in the same class as hand-made, but he let me test 'em as many ways as I liked, and I had to admit there wasn't much the matter with 'em.

"Well, I talked straight; asked his plans. He owned that he hadn't got much capital at the present time, but was enlarging his works as quickly as he possibly could in order to cope with increased demand; and when he wanted more money he reckoned he knew where to get hold of it.

"I found out one funny thing about him. He's greedy about this idea of his—unwilling that anybody else shall share in the benefits. That's why he's not doing the sensible thing and forming a company to develop the innovation properly. He wants it all for hisself.

"It's not a bad thing for us, as it happens, because it does give us time to look round a bit and try to decide what's the best to be done. He can't, anyhow, supply *all* the trade for a long time yet."

And Ephraim Prescott gave vent to a short, grim laugh.

"Them are the facts, Richard, and if you can tell us what you'd be likely to do if you were in our circumstances, we shall be very much obliged to you."

"M—m," said Richard. "You say you saw the machine in actual work?"

"Yes."

"And satisfied yourself it could do all he claimed for it?—you saw the nails made under your very eyes?"

"I did."

"What sort of nails?"

"Chisel point deck spikes, diamond head."

"Can the same machine turn out other kinds of nails?"

"No. For different patterns a different machine. It's all worked on the same principle, though—merely a difference in the shape of the moulds."

"Would you call it a simple invention?"

"Hardly. I'll try and describe it to you, if you like."

Richard listened and nodded at the finish.

"Fully protected, of course?" he said.

"Oh, yes. Pegson's cute; as wide-awake as they make 'em!"

"How many machines has he got up to the present?"

"A dozen nearabouts; and more on order."

"And how many varieties of nails is he making?"

"Only about four or five just now. More to follow. In fact, all the current patterns in wrought iron."

"Didn't you suggest to him that it would be greatly to his profit to put the protected machine on the market at a high price?"

"I did—not exactly in those terms. I asked him to quote his figure for a supply of the machines; but he wasn't having any."

"M—m," mused Richard. He took up a pencil and scribbled a few notes on a memorandum. "Progress," he remarked incidentally, as he read them over, "won't be stayed, Ephraim."

"True," nodded the older man.

There was a brief silence, in which Richard laid down the pencil and looked his visitor steadily between the eyes.

"I see," said Ephraim Prescott.

"You mean," he went on, after tugging down his waistcoat, "*you* can't help us, nor can anybody else."

"That's it," said Richard, who scorned evasion when it arose out of pity.

"Old-fashioned, eh? Ah, well!" Ephraim Prescott rose to his feet, covering his feelings with another grim laugh. "I'm thankful for your straightforwardness, anyhow, Richard," he said.

"Good morning," said Richard, with a strong clasp of his hand.

He sat for a few moments staring at the closed door.

It was in his mind that exactly as this man Pegson was treating the nail-makers, so he in time past had treated the makers of chain.

Looking up he met the quizzing glance of his secretary.

"It's all very well for us," he came out with, impatiently, "but these older men . . . the veterans."

He returned to his work with a frown on his brow.

A few days later business took Richard to Glasgow, and, finding himself with some hours to spare, he boarded a tram for Boddawell and went to call on Mr. Pegson, the nail-maker.

He was, as Prescott had said, a man exceedingly willing to talk, and Richard came away with a feeling that he had most usefully employed his time.

Throughout the major portion of the journey homeward to Moulden that night, he sat working with the tireless energy which usually characterised him while he was travelling. Then presently he sat back, with brain no less busy, his powers concentrated on the analysis of an idea.

"It's possible," he said aloud at length. "It's more than that, it's practicable. I'll see to it."

Then, pigeon-holing the decision, he turned his attention to something else.

About two months afterwards, early in the afternoon, Richard was walking through the main street of Moulden towards his work, when he ran across Ephraim Prescott and stopped to speak to him.

"Any more news of that man Pegson?" he asked.

"A damned sight too much," growled Prescott. "He's going ahead by leaps and

(*Continued on page 24.*)

The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

A BIG INSIDE POCKET.

A friend of mine recently showed me a little dress innovation in which he is a keen believer.

It was nothing less than a gigantic pocket inside his jacket, in the place usually occupied by the handkerchief pocket.

It was large enough to take a copy of this paper without folding it, and he told me that he found it very useful, as he frequently has to take documents home from his place of business in order to study them at his leisure, and this pocket saves him the trouble of carrying a handbag.

I suggested that to fill up a pocket of this size with papers would certainly not improve the appearance of the coat, but on his assurance that the papers were never many, I withdrew that objection, and I pass on the idea in case it should prove useful to any reader who has occasion to carry papers about with him.

COLLARS AND NECKS.

I was sitting one morning in the train beside a man who appeared to have an extraordinarily long neck. It was so long as to be odd; otherwise he was by no means ill-favoured in the matter of looks.

I could not help glancing at him from time to time, for it struck me that his neck would not seem nearly so long if he were differently dressed, and at last I saw what was the matter.

He had naturally a rather long neck, but it seemed extra long because he was wearing one of the old-fashioned lying-down Shakespeare collars.

Nothing could have been more unsuitable for him with a neck like that. If he had been wearing an ordinary two-and-a-half inch or even a two-and-three-quarter inch collar, he would have looked pretty well the normal. With a neck like his he could even have worn a collar about three inches in height, for he would certainly have carried it off quite easily.

I do not mind wagering that he was a bachelor without sisters, for a man who had the benefit of the criticism of a wife or sister would certainly have had a thing like that pointed out to him long ago.

I suppose he had worn these lying-down collars in the old days when they were in fashion, and it had never struck him that a change would be advisable.

On the other hand, a man with a short neck can wear an ordinary double collar that is only an inch high and yet not look naked about the neck.

I have mentioned before the need for considering the length of the neck in deciding the height of the collar, but it was never brought home to me so forcibly as when I saw that man in the train.

LINKS FOR SOFT SHIRTS.

It is not advisable to use gold links to fasten the cuffs of those soft shirts which are now so popular.

Occasionally you find the buttonholes in these soft cuffs very firmly sewn and very small, so that there is no risk of the link slipping out, but in most cases the buttonholes are large, and many a valued pair of links has been lost in consequence.

A soft shirt is a negligé garment, and one is quite justified in wearing with it a pair of cheap mother-of-pearl links, which you can get anywhere for a shilling or so.

If you are buying cheap links, by the way, I should advise you to look carefully to the metal that fixes the one piece to its neighbour. Sometimes this fastening is in the form of a small chain, and in the case of cheap links this chain is often very roughly made and has sharp points, which catch on the skin of the wrist and are very irritating.

BREECHES COLOURS.

I am asked by a reader who proposes to buy a pair of riding breeches what colour he ought to select and what material.

If a man does much riding he will generally, in the course of time, become possessed of several pairs of breeches, according to their suitability for different temperatures.

For hot weather, for example, nothing looks smarter, and certainly nothing is more comfortable to ride in, than a pair of white drill breeches; while for winter use, especially if you are going to use the breeches more for walking than riding, a heavy pair of Bedford cord will be found both serviceable and warm.

I gather from my reader's inquiry, however, that he proposes to possess himself of only one pair, and I should, therefore, advise him to choose a medium weight which. This sort of cloth is very hard wearing and it looks well.

As to the colour, a greenish shade grey is as good as any.

By the way, I do not care much for riding breeches made of Harris tweed. I know that some sporting tailors endeavour to persuade their customers that this is fashionable for breeches, but I can assure them that it is not so. Harris tweed is very good for golfing knickerbockers, but it is very unworkmanlike to ride in.

SAVING YOUR SHINS.

Another reader sets me what at first appears to be rather a puzzle.

"I do a good deal of riding," he says, "but very often I pay for it with sore shins. Sometimes when I take my gaiters and breeches off I find the front of my legs tender and bruised, just where the boot must have caught the shin-bone. The boots themselves are all right, because I never have any trouble like this when I wear stockings with them, and it cannot be the leggings that are wrong, because some days, even after a long ride, I am not bothered with this soreness at all. What is the matter?"

It is neither the breeches nor the leggings that are at fault; but my friend's method of putting them on. Sometimes he has no trouble, and that is because by accident he has put on his kit correctly.

I remember the days when the continuation of riding breeches—that part which runs

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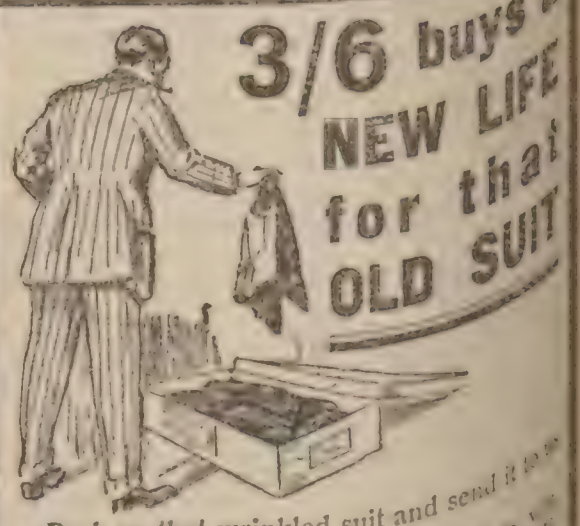

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the knee to the ankle," and prevents the breeches from working up as you ride—were made to button down the front. Very few breeches are now cut in this style, the method of having only the first four buttons down the front and the others down the side being far better.

The leg at the side is fleshy, and even if some slight pressure does come on the buttons there they do not hurt you. It is only when they catch the skin in front of the shin-bone that they give you trouble.

My friend does not explain the exact locality where he gets hurt, but I expect it is just at the top of the legging, and, therefore, at the fourth button, which is just covered by the leather.

His remedy is, when buttoning his breeches, to twist the continuations round to the outside ever so little, so that the top four buttons, instead of coming directly on the shin-bone, come just to the outside of it.

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When answering advertisements please mention "The Modern Man."

REGIMENTAL THEATRICALS

"CHINSTRAP" RELATES SOME AMUSING AND TRUE ANECDOTES OF ARMY LIFE.

It may sound rather a wintry subject, but is suggested to me by a letter received this morning from a young friend who informs me of his engagement to be married, and invites me to wish him joy—which, with born optimism, I shall certainly do.

What on earth has this to do with regimental theatricals you may well ask? Simply this: My young friend's enthusiasm takes me back to a certain night at Capetown, where I was attending a public performance given by our Regimental Amateur Dramatic Club.

During an interval I was approached by a civilian in whom I presently recognised a former schoolfellow. He had obviously been doing himself rather proud. Between hiccoughs he informed me that he was going to marry Yum-Yum in the morning, or words to that effect.

Before I could extend my congratulations, he gripped me by the arm, and, suddenly sobering up, said in a tense whisper, "And if you tell anybody, I give you my word of honour I'll come back and murder you!"

UNWELCOME CONGRATULATIONS.

Some men take marriage curiously, not to say unkindly. I remember congratulating a relative on his engagement, and his only reply, delivered with apparently heartfelt earnestness, was: "For Heaven's sake, don't!"

To return to regimental theatricals, however, nearly every regiment has its Amateur Dramatic Club.

Some of the performances, such as those given by the Brigade of Guards when Major Nugent was the leading spirit of their club, are quite up to professional form; others are simply rotten, even for amateurs.

Ours were pretty good, for among us was one who afterwards became famous as a dramatist. He was also a very good all-round actor and a first-class stage-manager.

Naturally, he was president of our club, but I cannot say that I envied him the distinction.

The president of a regimental A.D.C. has a pretty trying time of it.

THE NEED FOR TACT.

He has to combine due respect for seniority with the exigencies of dramatic art.

He has successfully to deal with the colonel's *passée* wife, who wishes to play "sweet seventeen," and equally with the senior major, who, with a figure like a tub of butter and a face like a Turner sunset, fancies himself in a Forbes-Robertson part.

The jealousies between the regimental ladies are bad enough, but the man who undertakes to organise a garrison dramatic show with ladies from different corps taking part, will save himself a lot of trouble if he straightway goes out and hangs himself.

I remember one garrison performance at —well, perhaps I had better leave it blank.

It was a musical comedy, and the wives of a senior and a junior officer belonging to different corps were in the chorus; so was the husband of the junior lady.

In the course of the performance, the last-named complained to her hubby that the senior lady persisted in standing in front of her, thus hiding her from the audience, a charge which, I believe, was substantially true.

The officer, who was a major of "Gunners," took an early opportunity of getting near the offending lady.

Of what followed there were two versions.

The major's was that he lightly tapped the lady on the shoulders, at the same time politely requesting her to keep her proper place.

The lady's story was that the major struck her a violent blow, knocking her down, and then jumped on her, to the accompaniment of horrible language.

This, anyway, was the tale she told her husband, who was a departmental colonel, and a choleric and extremely thirsty Irishman.

TROUBLE.

Nothing happened at the time, for the major was a "douce" man, as they say in Scotland, and, hearing that the colonel was breathing whisky and water against him, he kept out of his way.

But there was a dance after the show, during which the colonel brooded on his wrongs and consumed many mixed liquids.

Still, all might have been well had he not towards the close of the evening run full tilt into the major and his spouse.

He promptly opened fire on his enemy, and, still worse, he abused the lady.

The affair was too public to be overlooked and shortly afterwards the colonel's immediate subordinate received promotion.

Regimental theatricals, however, rarely lead to such serious consequences as this. "Unrehearsed effects," of course, are common.

I remember a performance of "A Scrap of Paper," I think it was. Anyway, it was a piece in which a character, in order to gain important information, conceals himself under a bush, from which he emerges at the psychological moment.

In this case a real bush was provided.

AN UNREHEARSED EFFECT.

The exponent of the part was a somewhat stout subaltern of Dragoon Guards. He had no little difficulty in getting under the bush, and when he sprang forth to surprise the conspirators, he brought the bush with him in a manner irresistibly suggestive of Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane, while the "house" dissolved into ribald laughter.

Among other troubles of the military stage-manager is his liability to lose his best players at the last moment.

On the eve of an important production, Captain Lovelace, to whom even Mr. Lewis Waller could give few points as a dashing hero, is called away on special duty; or Private "Nobby" Clarke (a purely imaginery name), who is quite priceless as a low comedian, stays too long in the canteen, gets trying his funniments on the provost-sergeant, a dull person with no sense of humour, and retires into enforced seclusion.

The regimental dramatic club is open to all, the non-coms. and men included, or a particular company may have its own dramatic club, and I have seen some rattling good performances given by such clubs. Often, however, they degenerate into a battle of chaff between players and audience, with the low comedian giving vent to the most fearfully libellous "gags," which spare neither officers nor his comrades.

It is all very good fun, however.

"CHINSTRAP."

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

W. H. (Edgbaston).—Before parting with your money, insist upon the man who is selling you the gun allowing a good gunsmith to overhaul it. You have a right to expect this, and if he refuses we do not advise you to buy the gun.

R. R. (Fulham).—The man you speak of was not the only one whom our article "Why Men Drink" caught on the raw.

T. McP. (Paisley).—Get a pair of shoes with rubber soles. They are best for distance runs.

F. H. (Brighton).—Your request is rather a strange one. You inform us that you wish to give an informal party to some of your bachelor friends. We take it, therefore, that you and your prospective guests are all very good pals, and that you are more or less acquainted with the particular viands which each is partial to. This being so, you might, provided, of course, that their tastes are not too expensive, get in something which each one likes. Then with something to drink, sandwiches, a good stock of tobacco and cigarettes, and plenty of good feeling amongst you all, you ought to spend a very jolly evening.

E. P. (Aberdeen).—You can obtain THE MODERN MAN cigarettes and tobacco from J. Auld, tobacconist, 4, Exchange Street, Aberdeen.

T. B. S. (Crouch End).—Had you kept your spurs well cleaned, they would not have become rusty. However, as the rust has made its appearance, we advise you to make up the following mixture, which is far better than bathbrick and oil. Get 1lb. of lard, warm it, and dissolve ½oz. of camphor in it. Cover the spurs with a liberal dose, let it dry, and then rub it off with a bit of soft rag, finally polishing them with a piece of chamois leather.

G. H. F. (Barrow-in-Furness).—The scheme would not be feasible, as all the unsuccessful applicants would be disappointed.

H. B. (Devizes).—It isn't necessary to ask the permission of a girl's mother before paying attentions to the girl; wait till you decide to become engaged. Good luck to both of you!

J. A. M. (Southend-on-Sea).—You are not the only man fond of riding who cannot afford to keep a horse, or to patronise a job-master, but most of them are enterprising enough to approach some local tradesman with a view to hiring one of his cobs at a cheap rate for a couple of hours or so each week.

F. M. (Worthing).—Any saddler will make a new strap for your wristlet watch. The charge is about 1s. 6d., and pigskin is the best leather.

A. D. (Walworth).—Get out into the open air as much as possible. As you do not live far from the City, try walking to work every morning. This ought to bring the colour to your cheeks and produce a healthy appetite for your food, but if not, it might be advisable for you to consult a doctor.

R. B. A (Glasgow).—If you want really individual tuition, you cannot do better than write to Maxick and Saldo. They deal with each pupil separately, and are no believers in letters and lessons of the stereotyped kind.

"DISAPPOINTED" (Portsmouth).—There is a risk attached to all speculations, and you should not part with your money unless you can afford to lose. In your circumstances, you had better leave such things severely alone.

T. S. M. (Middlesbrough), **R. C.** (Wolverhampton), **C. H.** (Lanark), **H. T. B.** (Chingford), **S. B.** (Isleworth), **W. H.** (Dublin), **T. P. P.** (Birmingham), **G. A.** (Berwick), **P. D.** (Salford).—Our best thanks to you.

RICHARD SELBY'S HELP.—*(Continued from page 21.)*

bounds. It's only a matter of time before he collars all the trade there is, and then where shall we be? It's a nasty smack, Richard, and I'm not going to attempt to deny it. There's Tom Parkes, one o' the soundest and oldest-established in the trade, saying he'll have to close his doors afore long, for want o' something to keep the men occupied. And the same's about true o' me. It'll be the men as'll suffer in the long run, Richard, not us masters. We've made our little bit, and we're not going to be such fools as to keep on till we've lost it."

"You've done nothing, I suppose?" said Richard.

"No," said Prescott heavily. "Except to eat humble pie and offer him a fancy price to let us have some of his machines."

"And he refused?" asked Richard.

"Point-blank! Fed up with conceit, like many a man who's stole an advantage!"

"Not a bit unnatural," said Richard. "We all like to practise independence—when we've got the chance. Now, look here, Ephraim, I've hit on a way by which you can negative Pegson's advantage. I don't want to say what it is now—it will only mean repeating the explanation—but if you, and Tom Parkes, and the heads of all the other firms interested, will call at my office at six to-morrow evening, I'll put the matter before you. You'll come? And you can speak for the rest? Right-ho! I'll expect you, then."

A letter received by him that morning had marked the final and successful issue of a task which had been occupying him for two months.

Punctually on the hour the group of nail manufacturers arrived; and Richard, after greeting them, led the way into an adjoining room, where he made his experiments.

It was fitted up like an engineer's shop, and in the centre, strongly clamped to the floor, was a bright, slender, efficient-looking machine, connected to overhead shafting by a belt.

"This," said Richard casually, as he halted before it, "is a new type of nail-making machine, driven by electricity, and superior to previously existing types by reason of its being *automatic*. Watch!"

He set the dynamo in motion, and to the accompaniment of neat clicking and a dominant persistent sound of a hammer-stroke, nails began to fall regularly into a wooden receptacle placed below the machine.

For a few moments there was absolute silence between the observers of the mechanical miracle, then the men looked at each other, then onward to the calmly absorbed face of Selby.

"You invented this!" exclaimed one, incredulously; and Selby nodded, amusement appearing in his eyes.

"Tell me, Richard," said Ephraim Prescott excitedly, "is this machine in any way an infringement of Pegson's?"

"Not in any way," said Richard. "Had it been I should not have succeeded in getting it provisionally patented. I heard only yesterday that the only machine with a construction that resembles it is my own chain-welding machine; and if you'll allow me to boast about my own work, I consider that it far outdistances Pegson's."

He proceeded, among a running fire of comment and appreciation, to give the reasons for his opinion.

"Now," said Richard in conclusion, "I'm not in the nail-making trade, nor have I any particular ambition to be. Chain-making takes up as much of my capital and energy as I've got. But I've not invented this machine out of any philanthropic intentions—"

"Glad to hear it," interjected Prescott.

"And I'm willing to hire it out to you—as many of them as you can do with—and the terms will be stiff, let me tell you, but they won't be so stiff as to deprive you of a reasonable profit. And one pleasure you will get from them will be to put back Mr. Pegson into his proper place. If you'll come with me into my office I'll place before you the terms."

[*Another of these stories will appear shortly.*—EDITOR.]

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

The wearing of the League badge, which is supplied at cost price in various forms, gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The League colours are blue, gold, and purple, and can now be obtained by members from Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd., Holborn, London, E.C., in the following forms:—

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Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

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